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BLACKHAWK



The **BLACKHAWKS** have driven to the heart of strange and perilous mysteries on land, sea and air ... fighting evil and administering justice! What remains to them but the unknown world *UNDER THE OCEAN*? Here, again, the old proverb is shown to be true, *There are as strange things in the sea as ever came out of it*, as the Blackhawks explore *The CITY UNDER THE SEA*!

The world is startled at the news of tidal waves overwhelming shores in the Southern Sea....



The stoutest ships fight for life against wild waters....



New islands appear in mid-ocean --- and as quickly disappear....

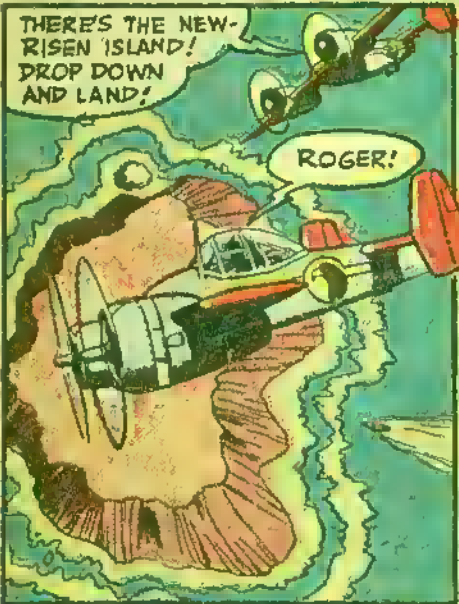
LET'S LAND ON THIS ONE FOR A SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION--- BEFORE IT SINKS AGAIN!

THE BLACKHAWKS ARE COMING TO HELP US MAKE A SURVEY!



THERE'S THE NEW-RISEN ISLAND! DROP DOWN AND LAND!

ROGER!



I SEE YOU GOT HERE FIRST, PROFESSOR!

AND SOMEONE WAS HERE BEFORE MY PARTY, BLACKHAWK! THERE'S THE POOR FELLOW OVER THERE --- DEAD!



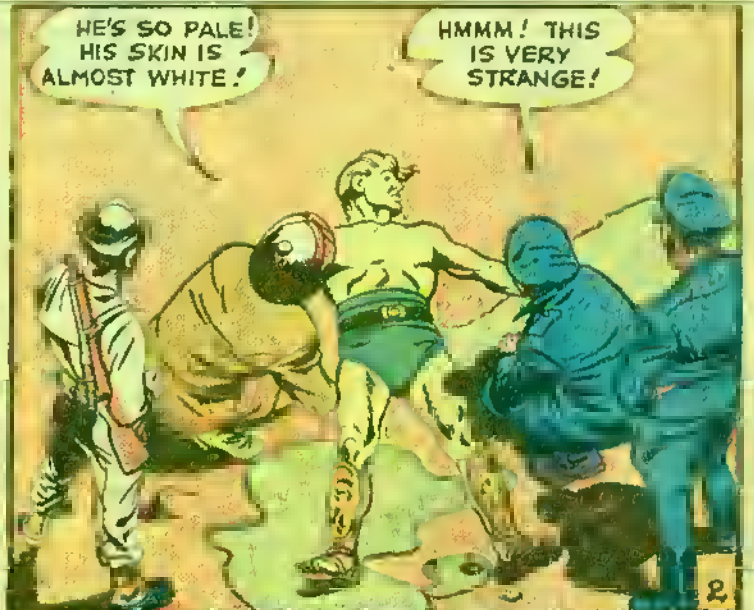
WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT HIM, BUT CERTAINLY HE NEVER CAME FROM THESE TROPICAL LATITUDES!

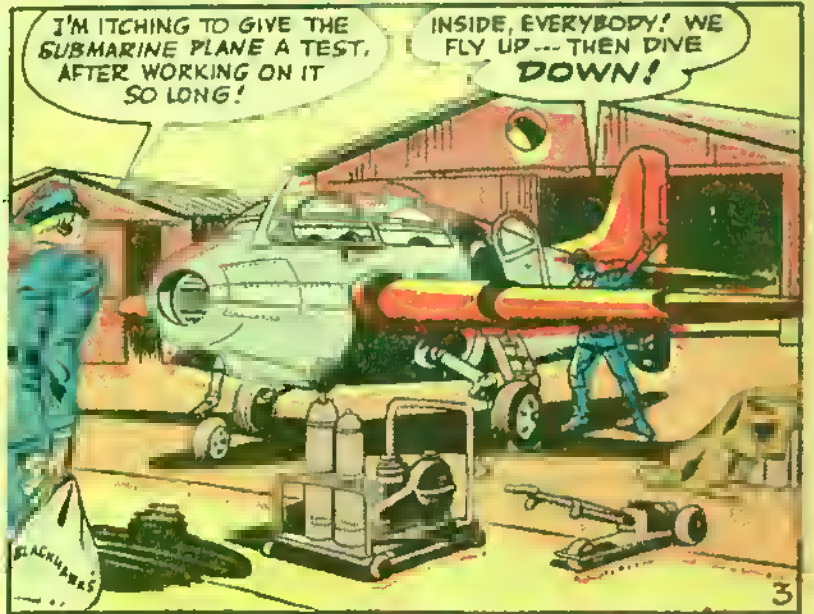
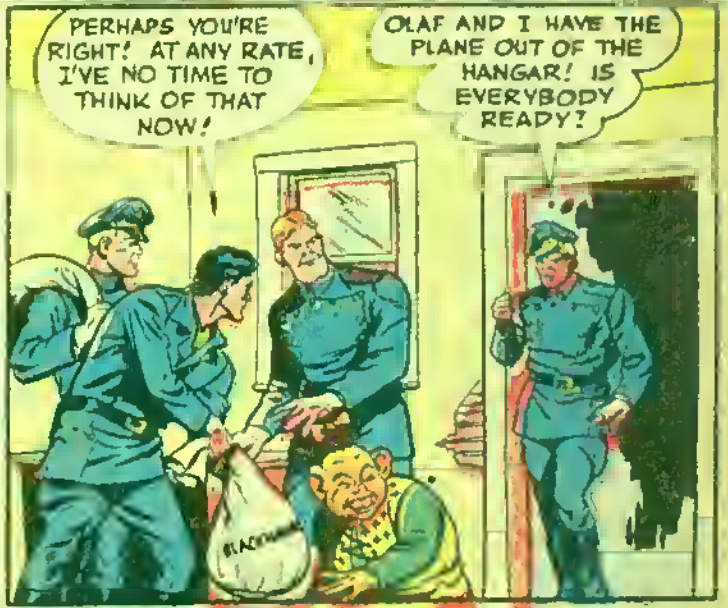
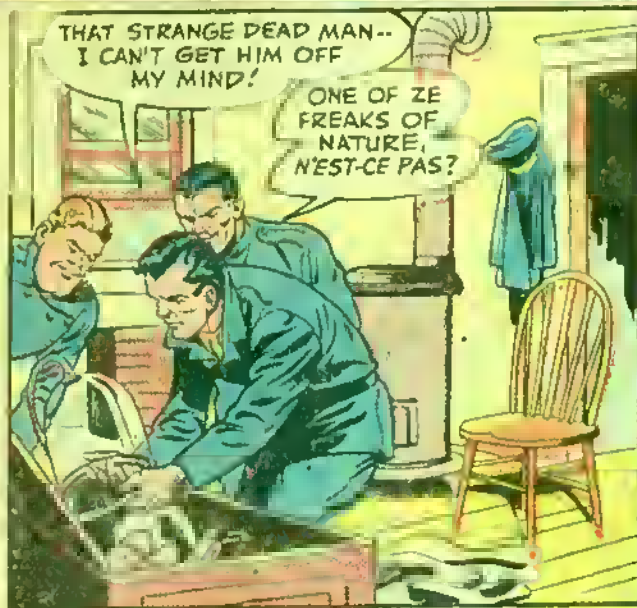
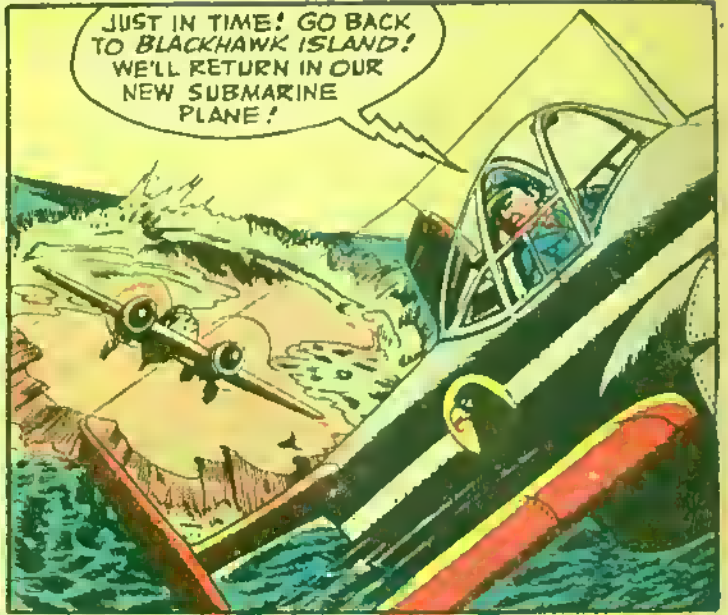
NOR ANY PLACE ELSE ON EARTH I'VE EVER SEEN -- AND I'VE SEEN MOST OF IT!



HE'S SO PALE! HIS SKIN IS ALMOST WHITE!

HMMM! THIS IS VERY STRANGE!

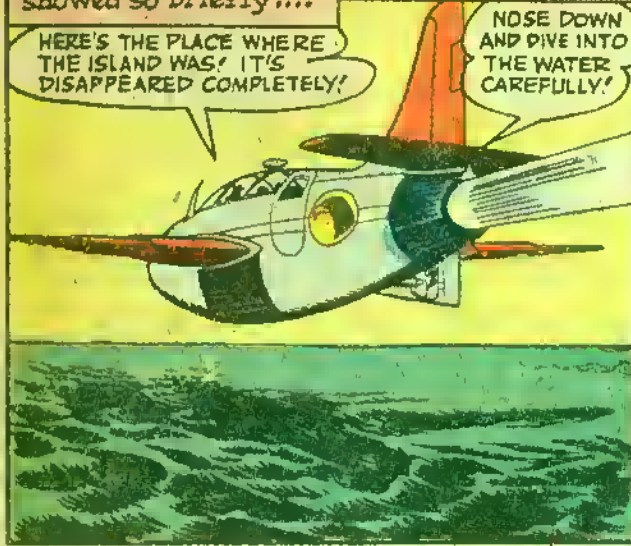




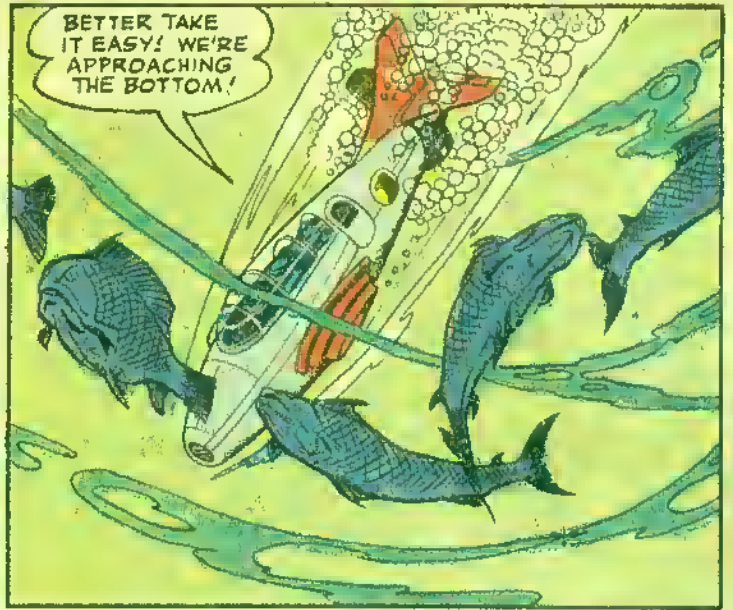
The new triumph of Blackhawk's mechanical wisdom seeks the place where the island showed so briefly....

HERE'S THE PLACE WHERE THE ISLAND WAS! IT'S DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!

NOSE DOWN AND DIVE INTO THE WATER CAREFULLY!

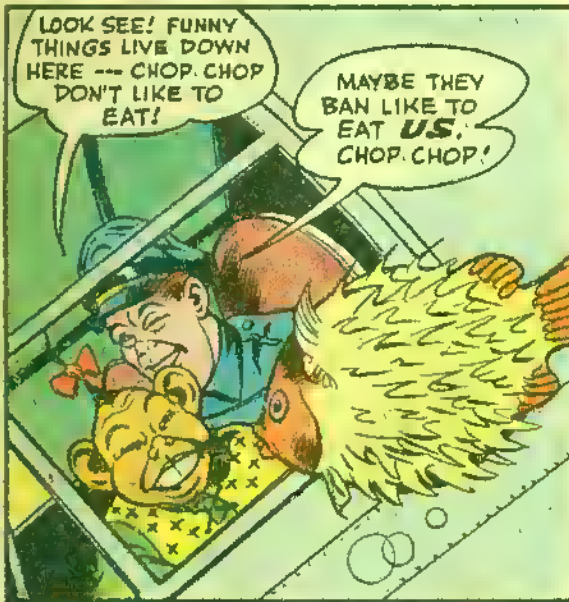


BETTER TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE APPROACHING THE BOTTOM!



LOOK SEE! FUNNY THINGS LIVE DOWN HERE --- CHOP. CHOP DON'T LIKE TO EAT!

MAYBE THEY BAN LIKE TO EAT US. CHOP. CHOP!



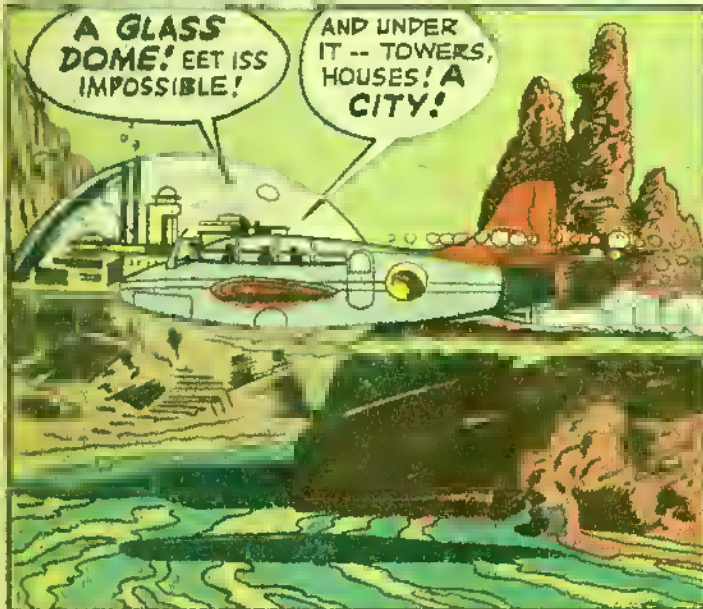
DER SOUND WAVES INDICATE DOT VE HEAD TOWARD METAL, BLACKHAWK! REAL METAL, NOT ORE!

MAYBE THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING AHEAD... BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT IT IS!



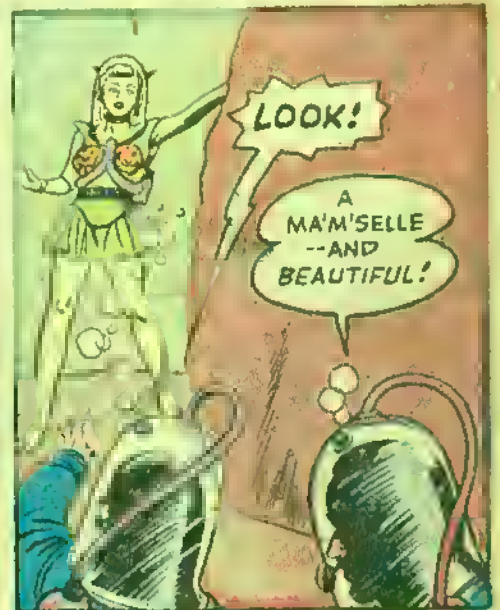
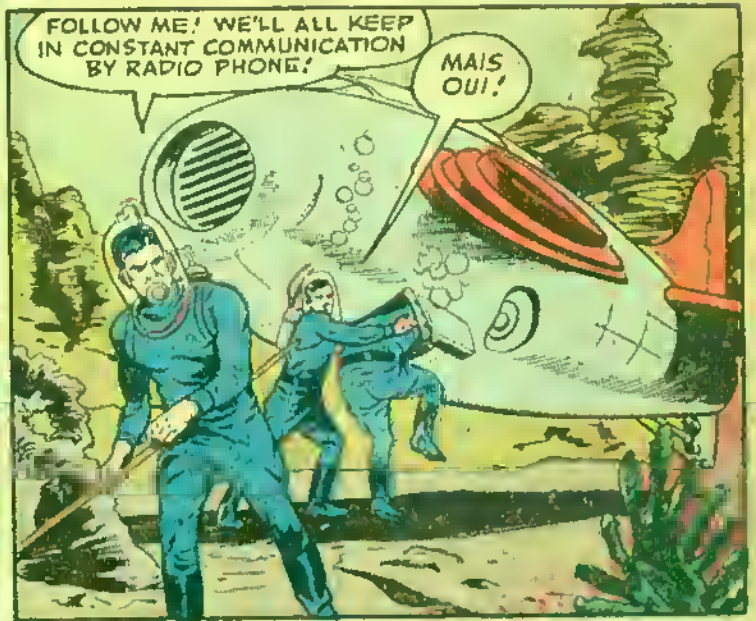
A GLASS DOME! EET ISS IMPOSSIBLE!

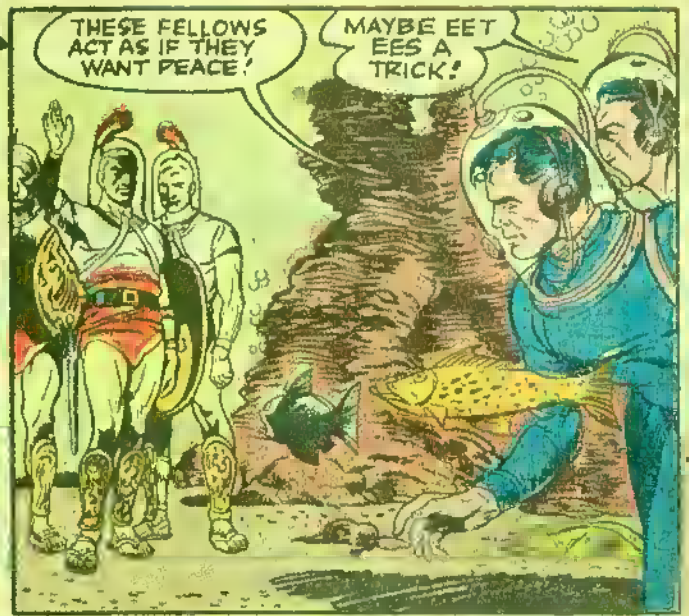
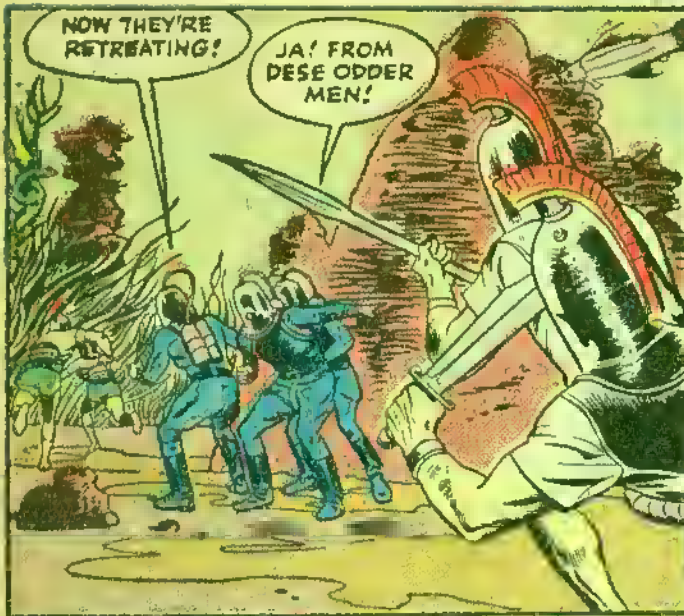
AND UNDER IT -- TOWERS, HOUSES! A CITY!

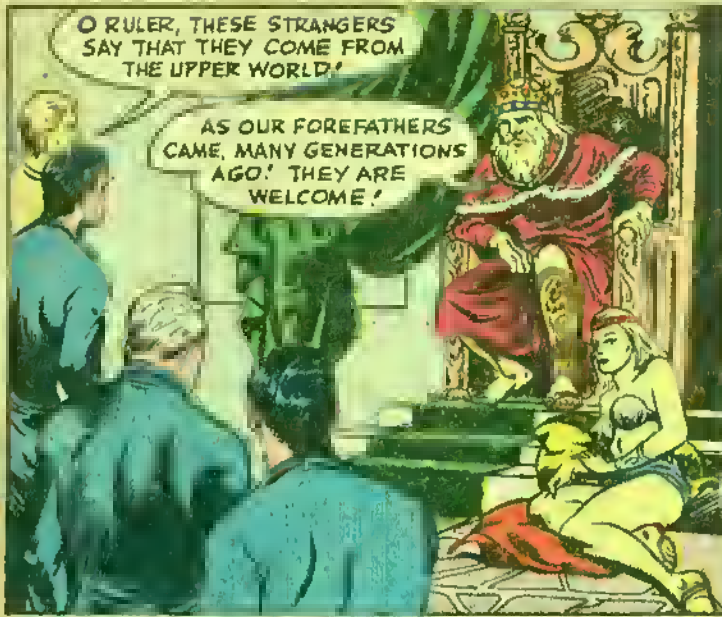


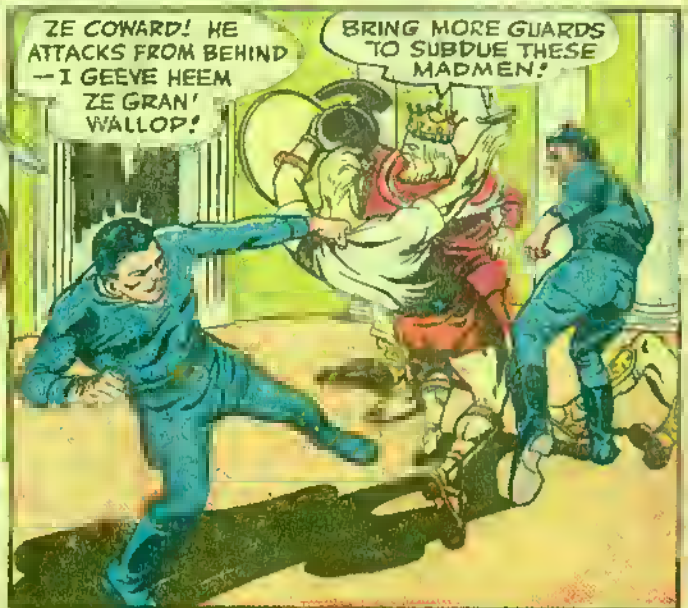
A CITY UNDER THE SEA! NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING! STAND BY TO LAND ON THE BOTTOM! PERHAPS WE HAVE INADVERTENTLY UNCOVERED THE SECRET OF THAT STRANGE DEAD MAN!

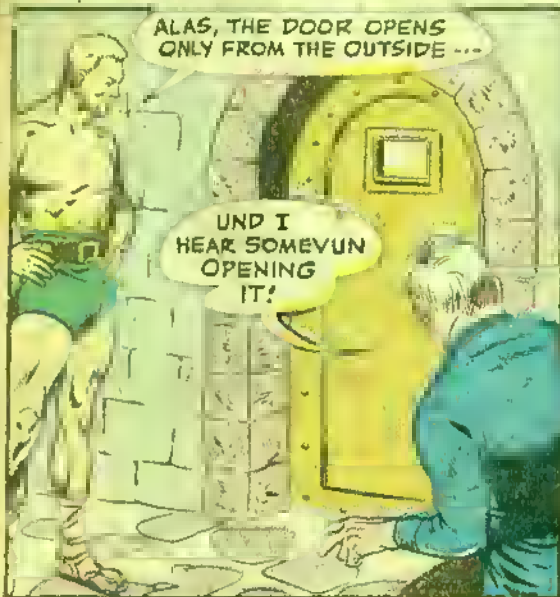
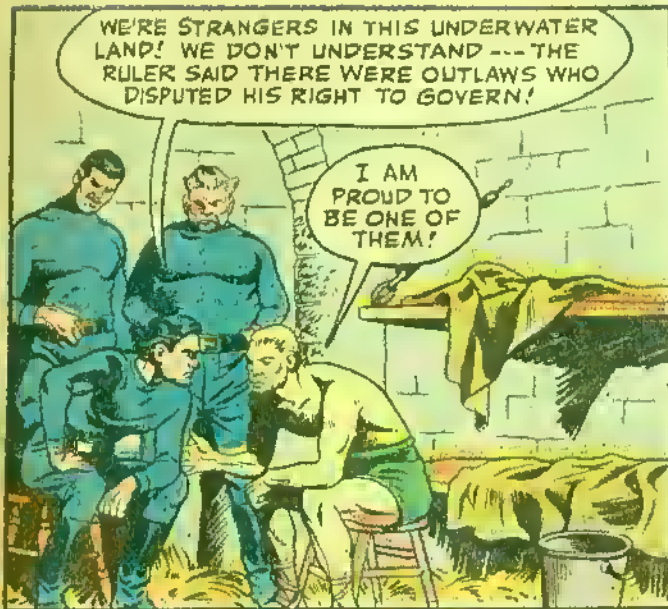


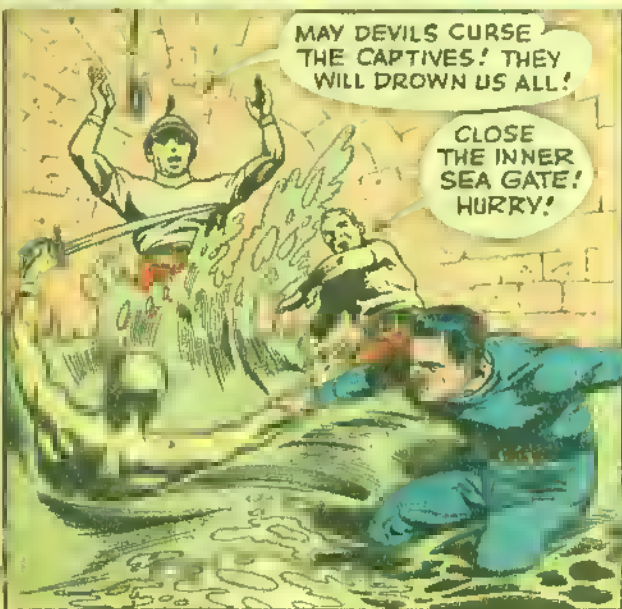
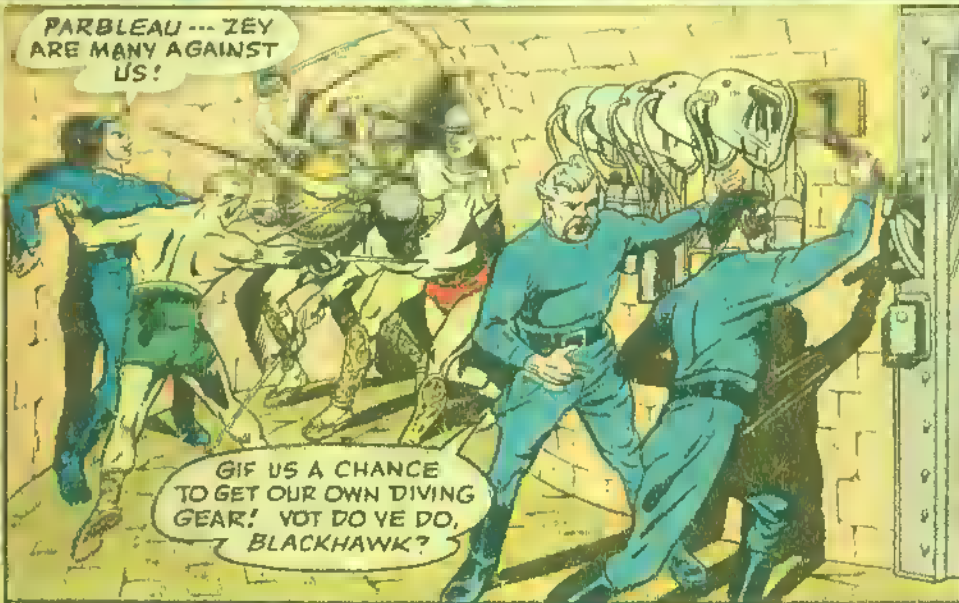
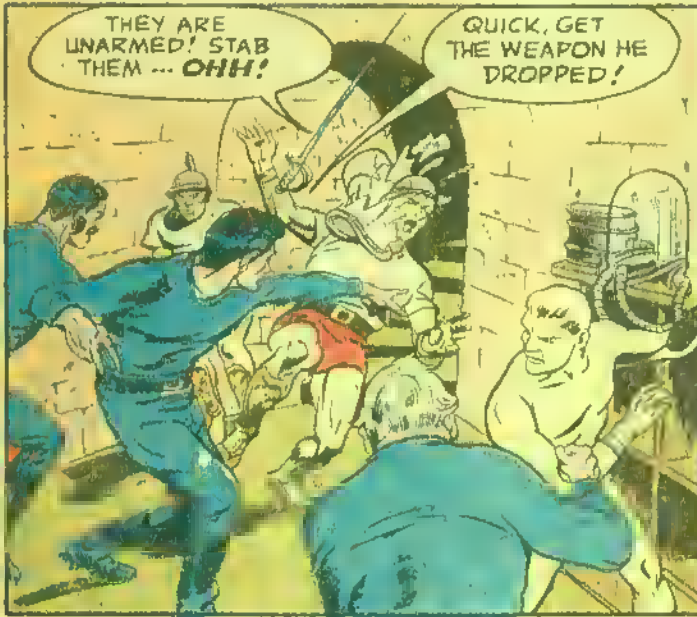


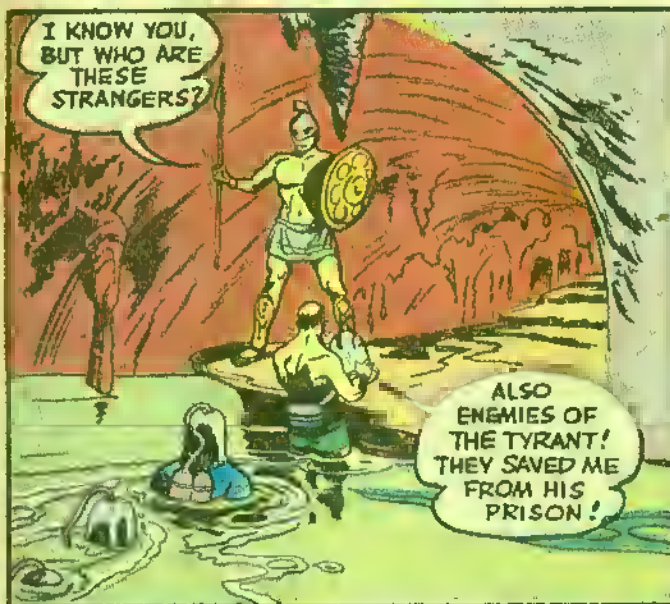
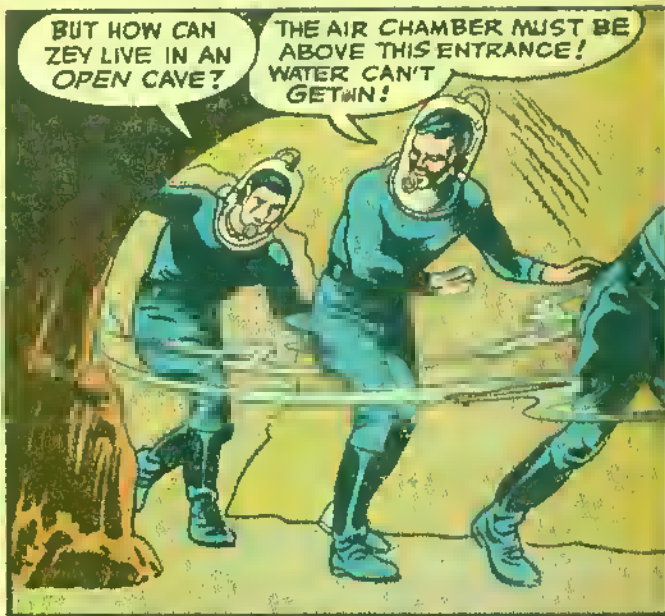


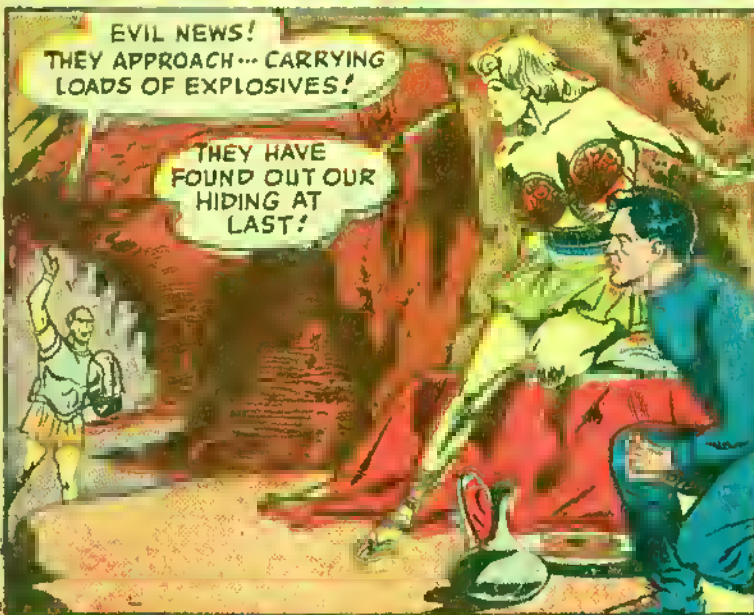


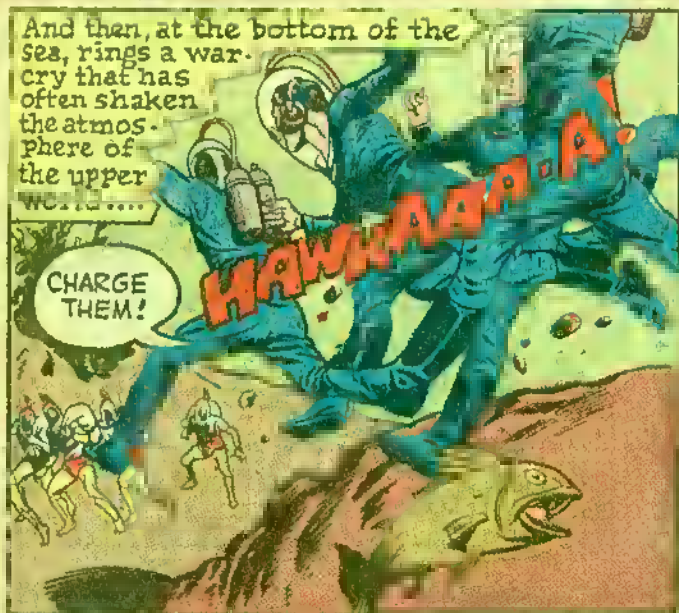
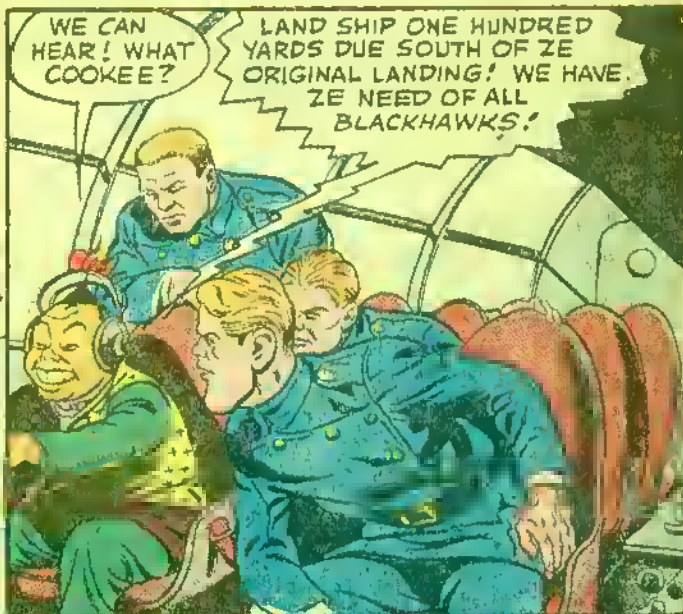




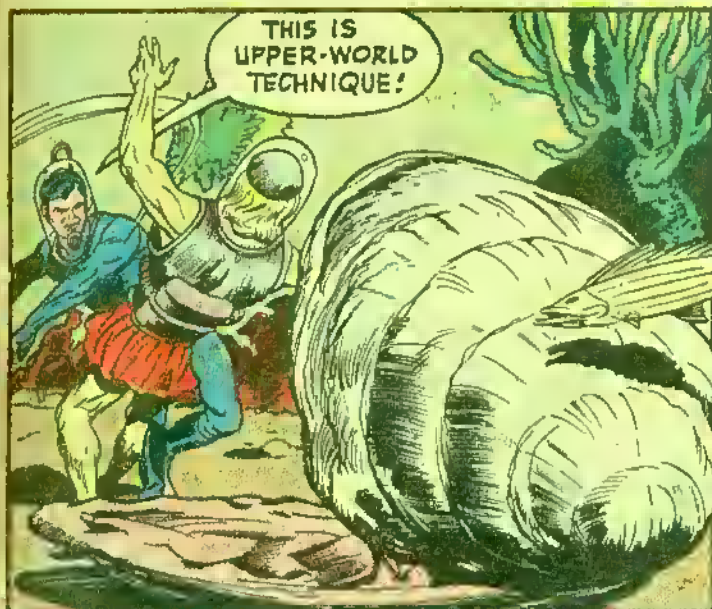




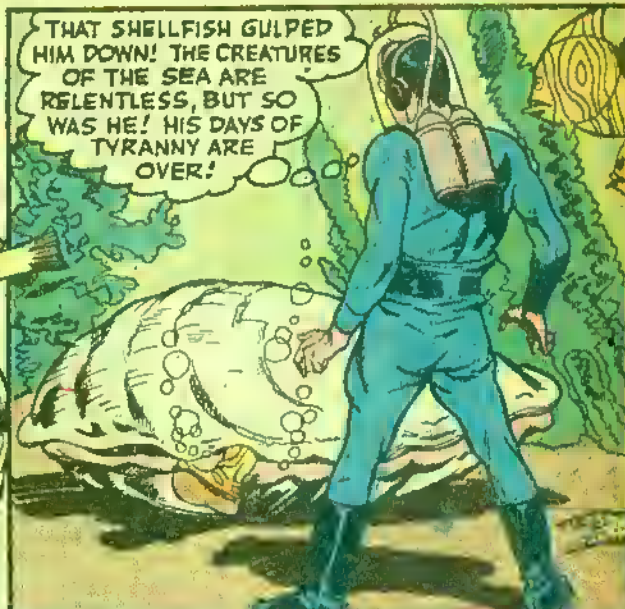








THIS IS
UPPER-WORLD
TECHNIQUE!



THAT SHELLFISH GULPED
HIM DOWN! THE CREATURES
OF THE SEA ARE
RELENTLESS, BUT SO
WAS HE! HIS DAYS OF
TYRANNY ARE
OVER!



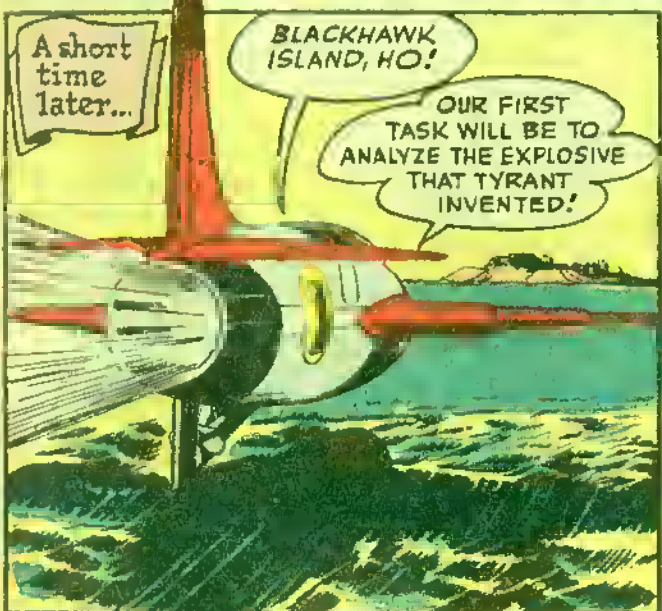
ZE EXPLOSIVE, BLACKHAWK!
SHALL WE OPEN EET UP, LET
ZE WATER SOAK EET AND
MAKE EET HARMLESS?

NO, LOAD
IT ALL ON OUR
SHIP! I WANT
TO EXAMINE
IT LATER!



WITH THE TYRANT AND HIS FOLLOWERS
GONE, WE CAN RETURN TO OUR HOME AND
HELP MAKE IT HAPPY AGAIN!
WILL YOU COME WITH US?

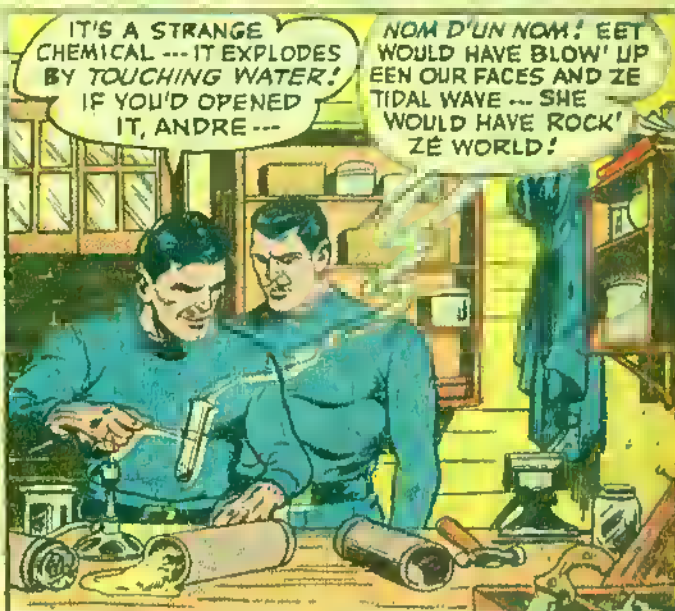
THANK YOU,
BUT WE PREFER TO
RETURN TO OUR
OWN WORLD!



A short
time
later...

BLACKHAWK
ISLAND, HO!

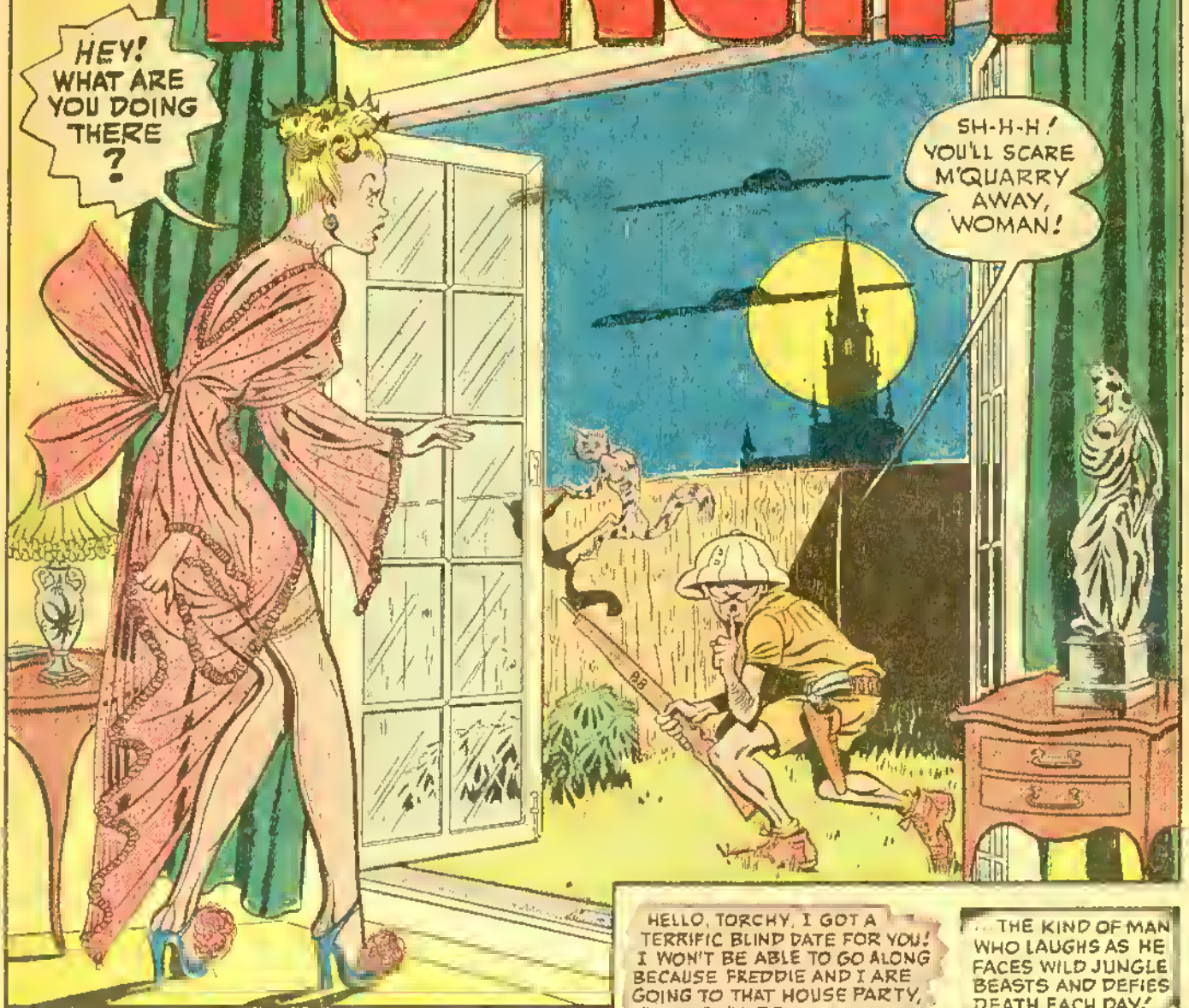
OUR FIRST
TASK WILL BE TO
ANALYZE THE EXPLOSIVE
THAT TYRANT
INVENTED!



IT'S A STRANGE
CHEMICAL --- IT EXPLODES
BY TOUCHING WATER!
IF YOU'D OPENED
IT, ANDRE ---

NOM D'UN NOM! EET
WOULD HAVE BLOW' UP
EEN OUR FACES AND ZE
TIDAL WAVE --- SHE
WOULD HAVE ROCK'
ZE WORLD!

TORCHY



HELLO, TORCHY, I GOT A TERRIFIC BLIND DATE FOR YOU! I WON'T BE ABLE TO GO ALONG BECAUSE FREDDIE AND I ARE GOING TO THAT HOUSE PARTY, BUT YOU'LL BE CRAZY ABOUT THIS MAN!

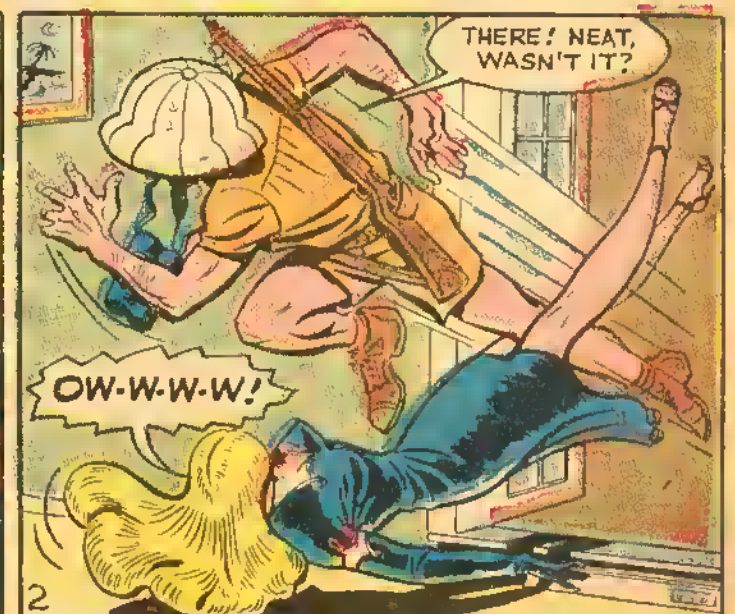
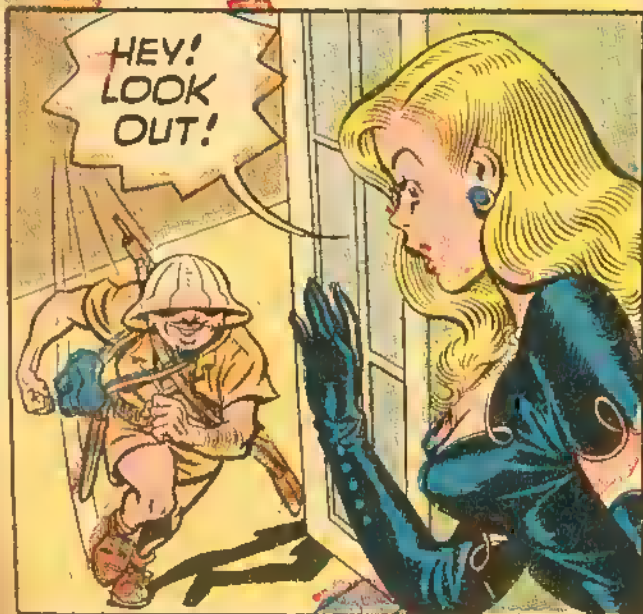
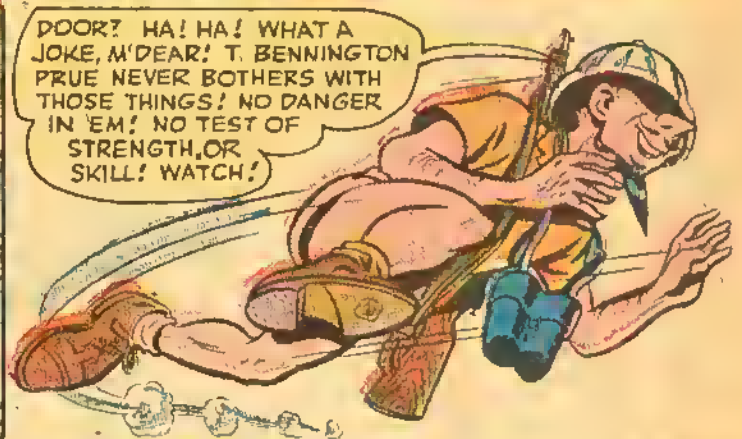
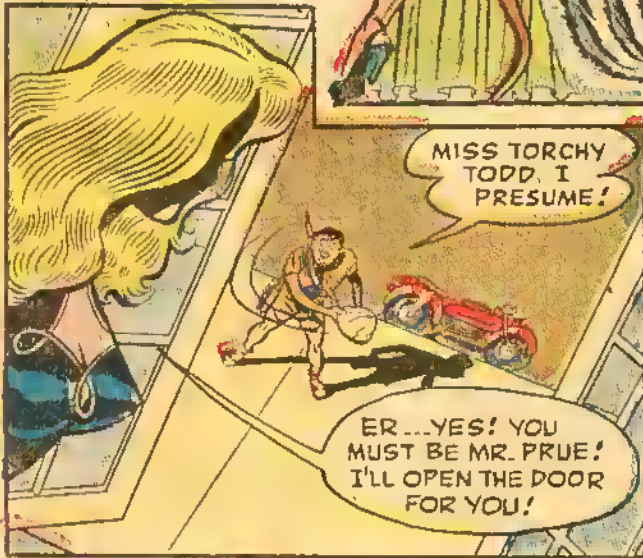
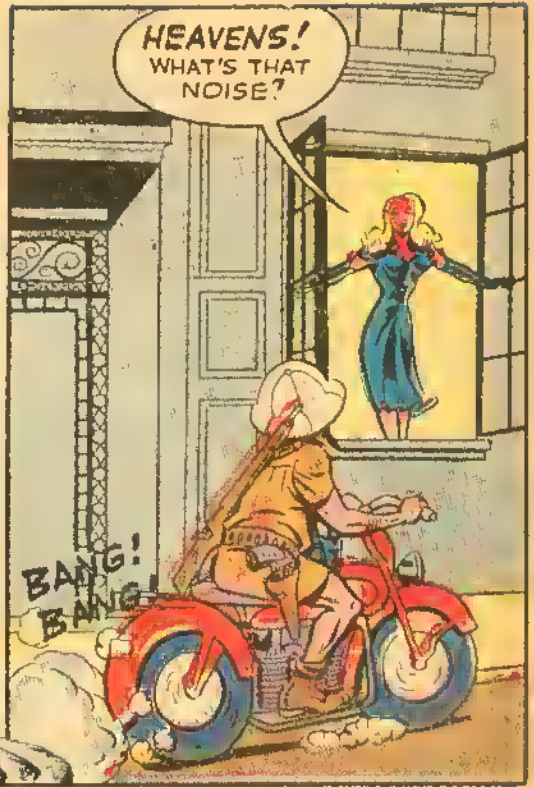
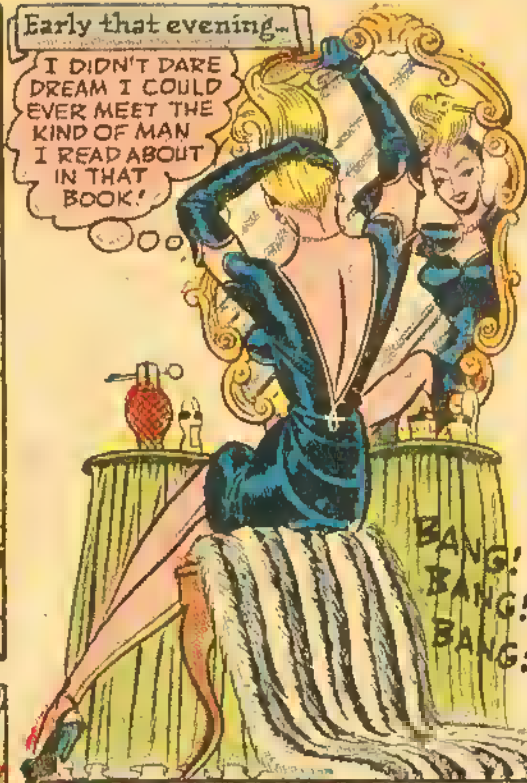
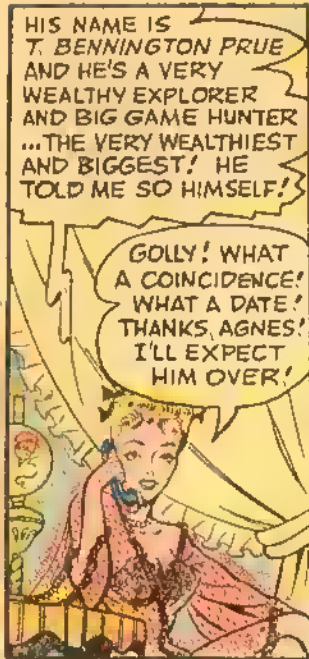
NOT A CHANCE, AGNES! NO BOOKKEEPER OR SHOE CLERK CAN SEND ME! I GO FOR THE KIND OF MAN WHO LIVES DANGEROUSLY....

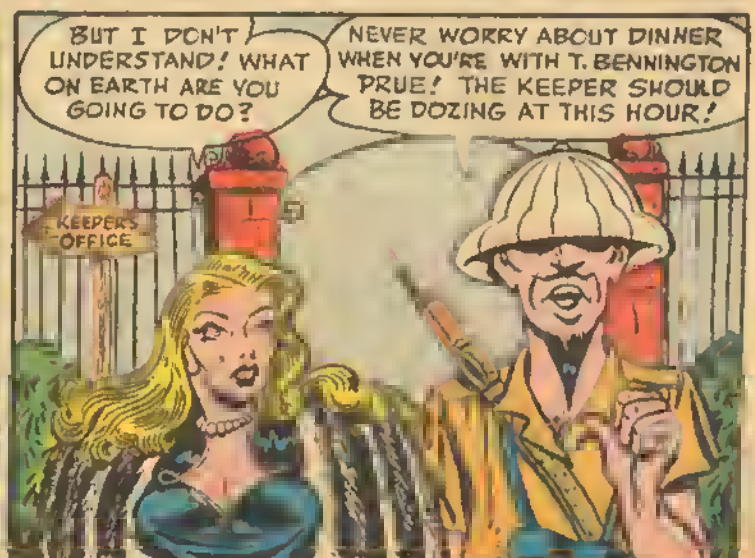
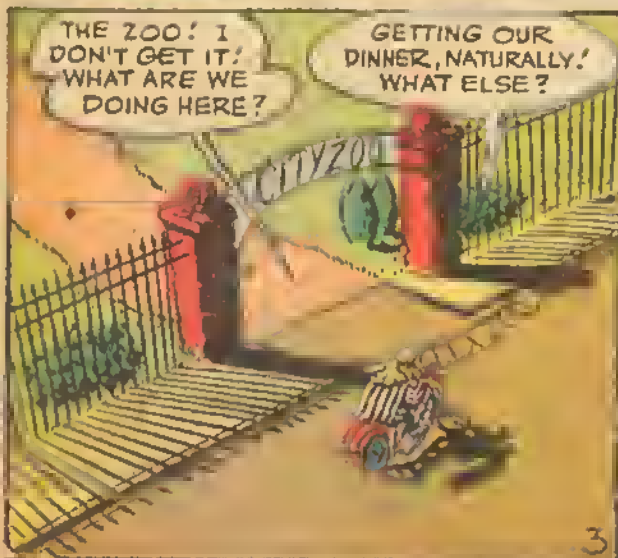
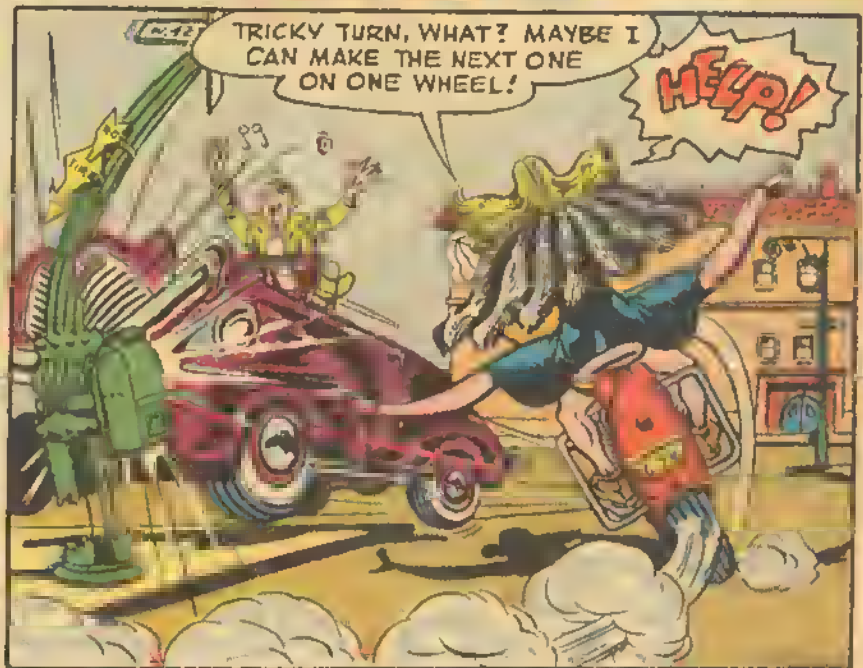
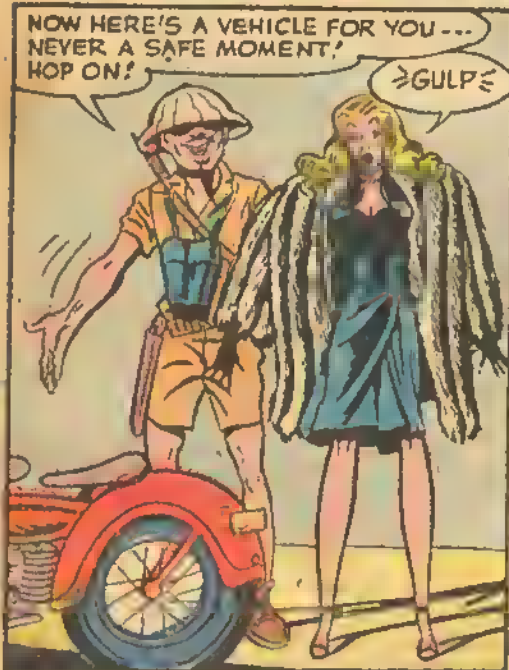
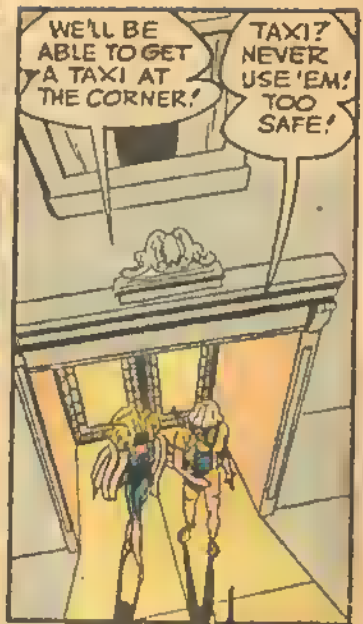
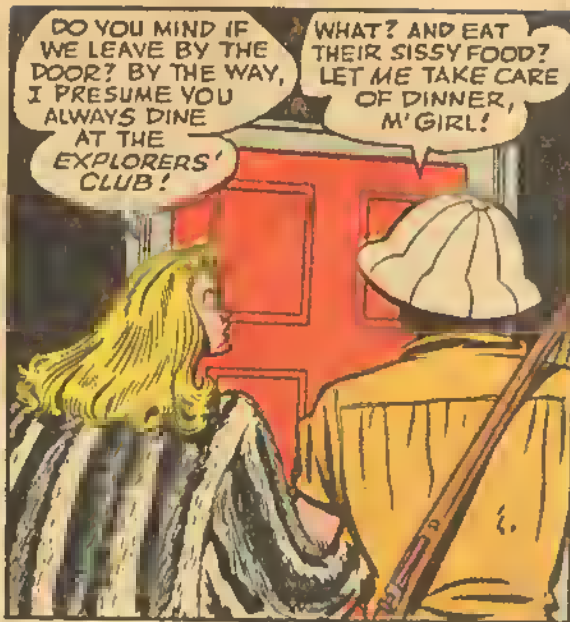
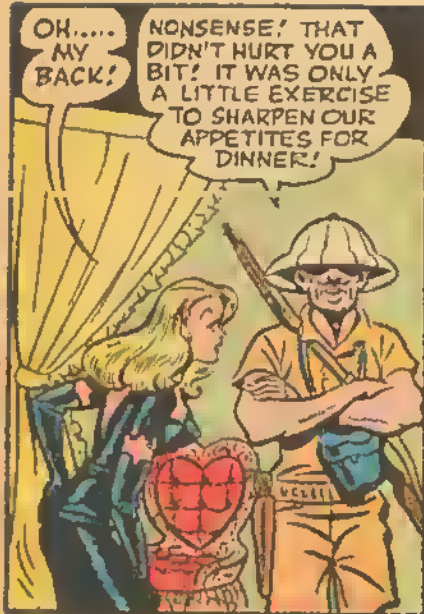


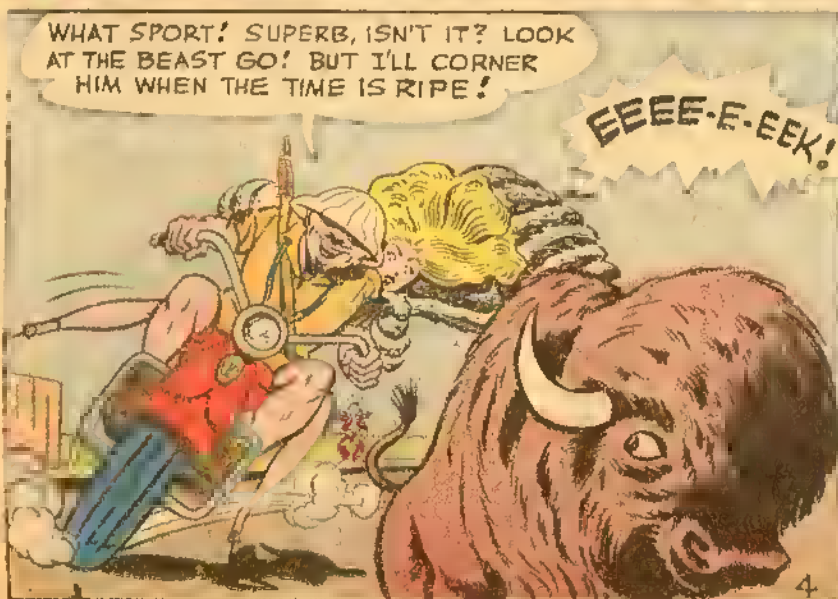
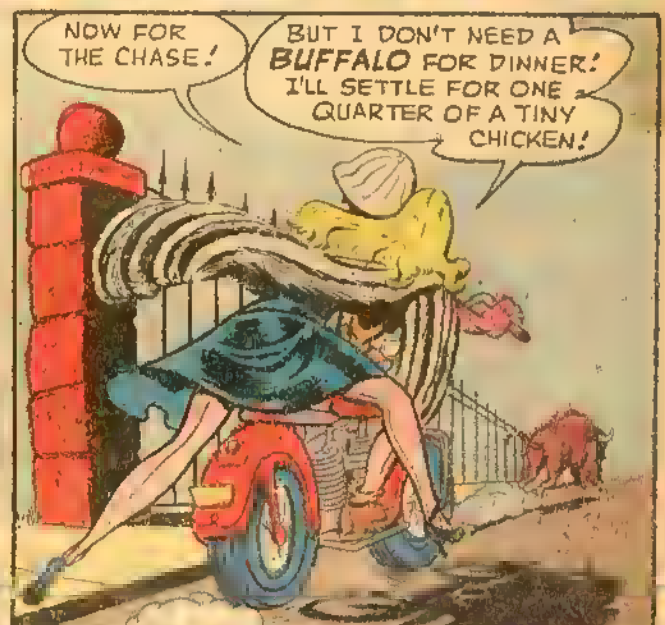
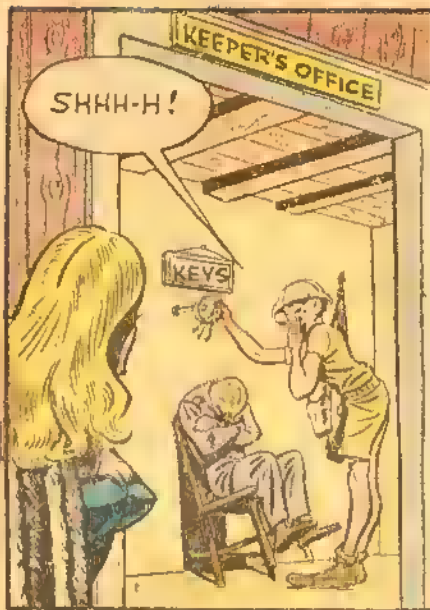
... THE KIND OF MAN WHO LAUGHS AS HE FACES WILD JUNGLE BEASTS AND DEFILES DEATH EACH DAY!

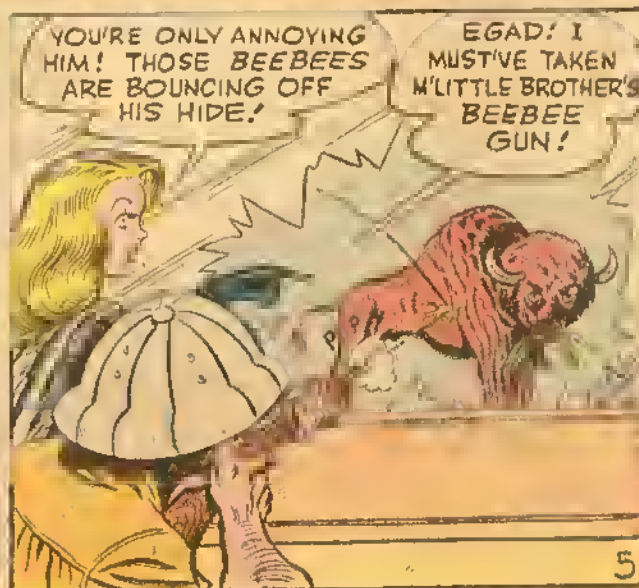
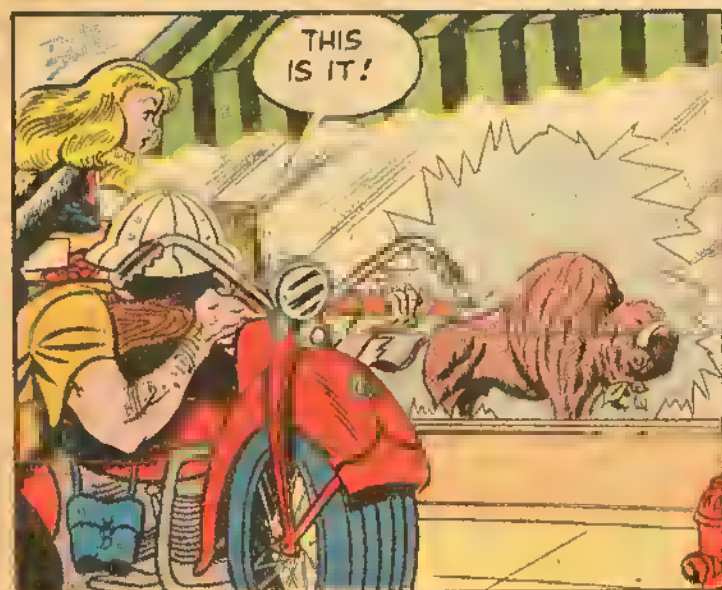
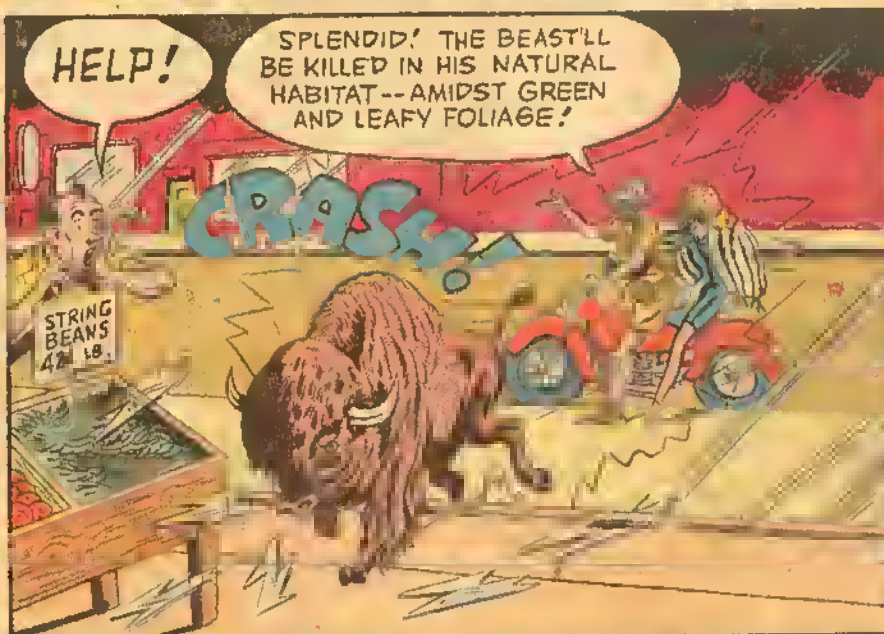
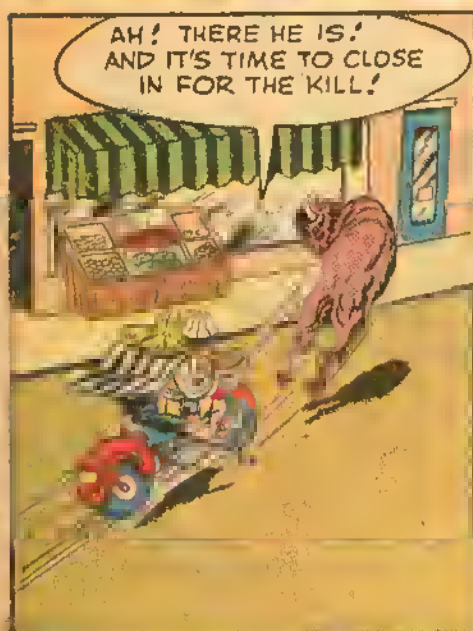
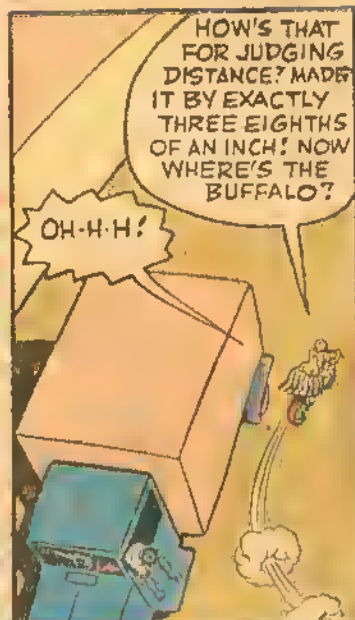
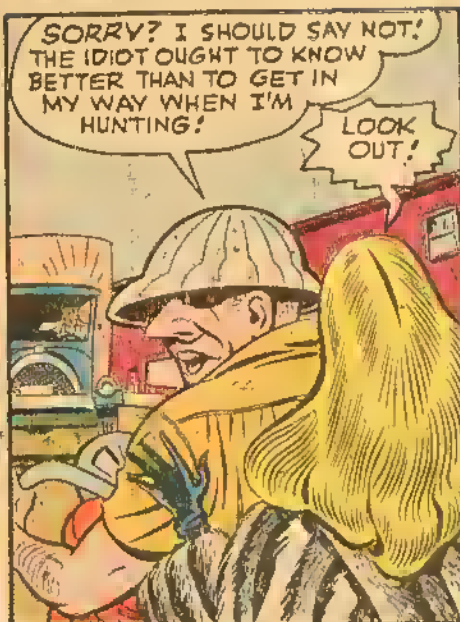
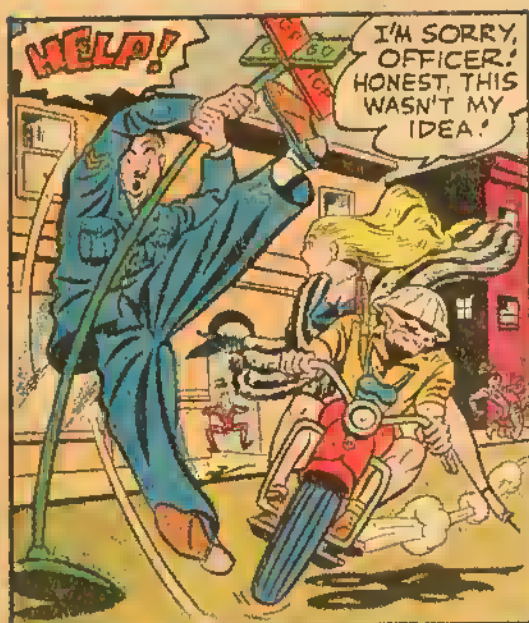
BUT, TORCHY, THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF MAN THIS DATE IS!

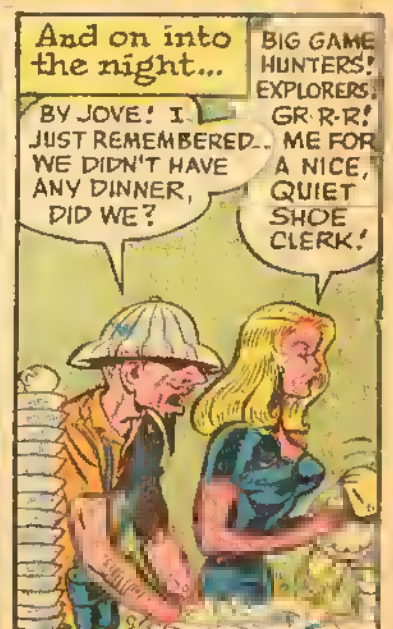
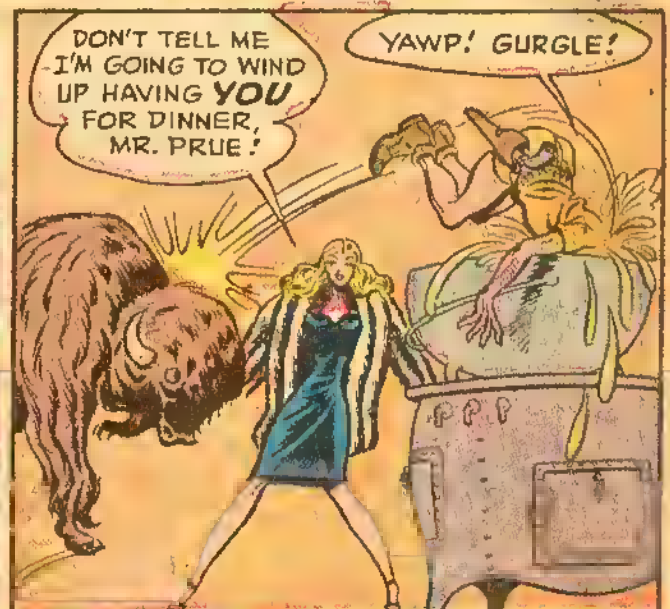
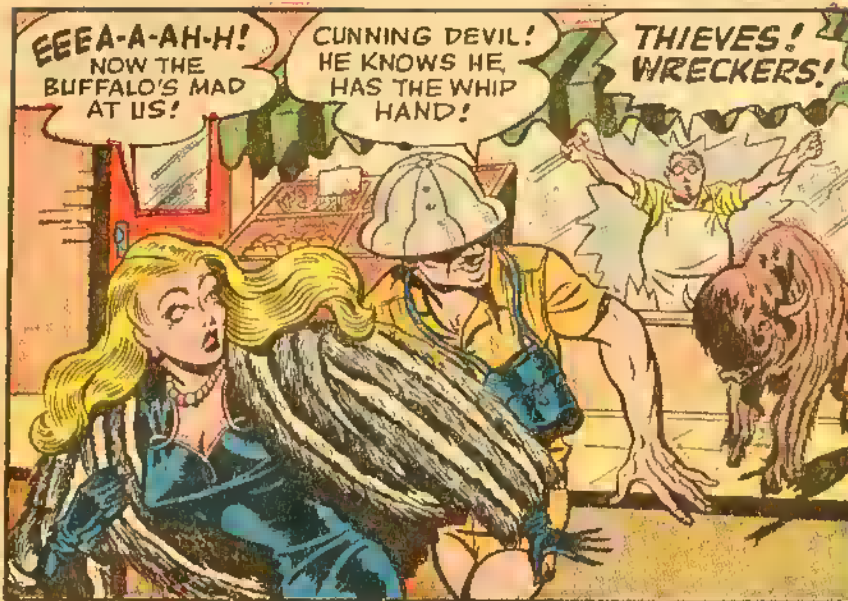




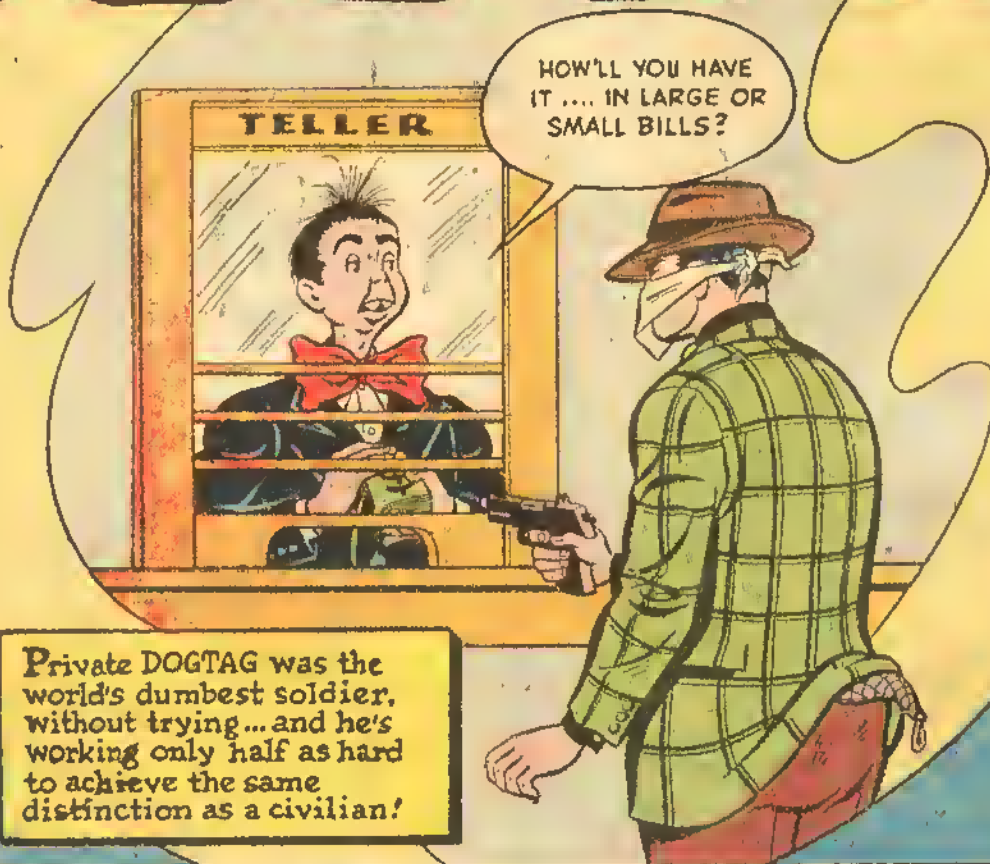








DOGTAG



Private DOGTAG was the world's dumbest soldier, without trying...and he's working only half as hard to achieve the same distinction as a civilian!



SO YOU HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE WITH FINANCES IN THE ARMY, EH?

YES, SIR! EVERY PAY-DAY I'D GET TOGETHER WITH A BUNCH OF OTHER FINANCIAL WIZARDS AND WE'D PUT OVER A DEAL A MINUTE!



WHAT? ONE EVERY MINUTE?

OH, OF COURSE, SOMETIMES A GUY WOULD ROLL A MINUTE AND A HALF WITHOUT GETTING A PASS!



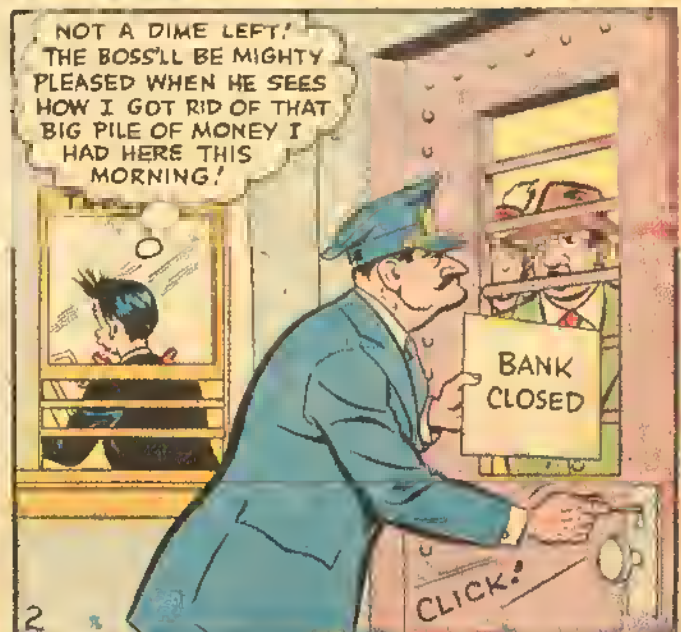
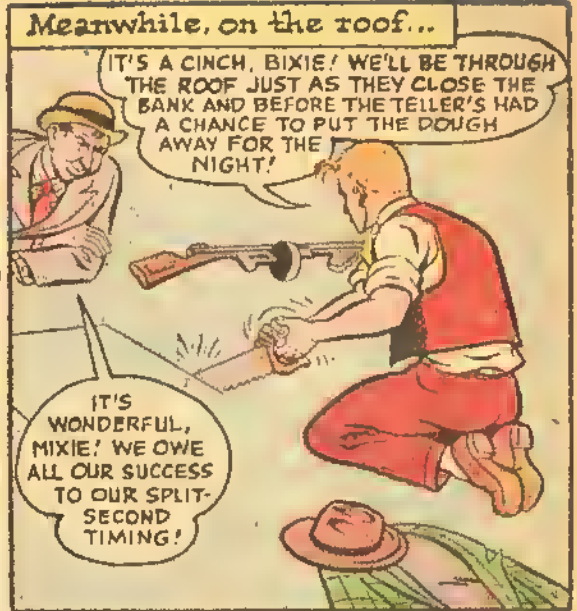
HEH-HEH! A SENSE OF HUMOR! WELL, WE'LL GIVE YOU A TRY AS A TELLER IN OUR BANK!

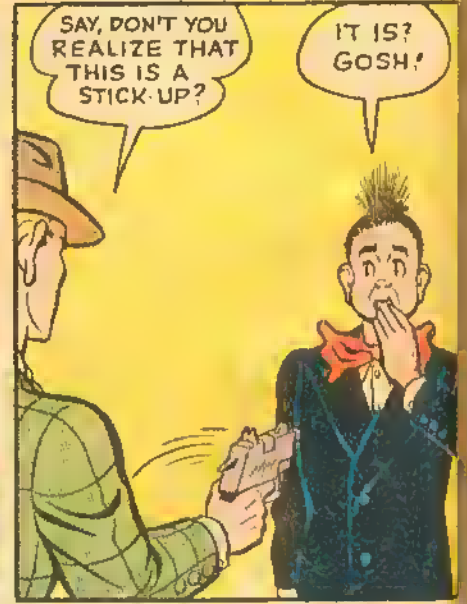
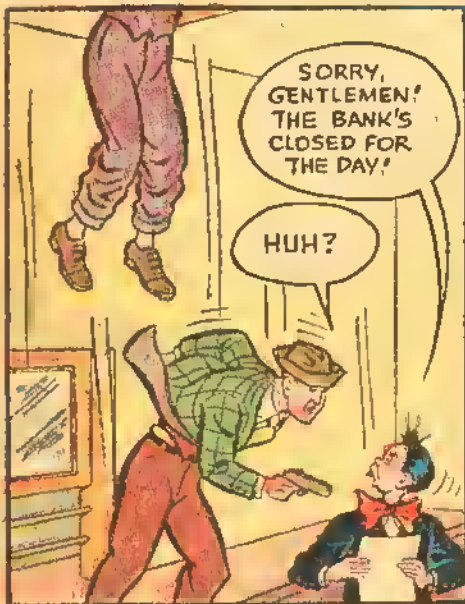
SAY, WHEN IT COMES TO TELLING, I'M AN EXPERT! I LEARNED ALL ABOUT IT FROM SERGEANT ROARIGAN! HE WAS ALWAYS TELLING ME OFF!

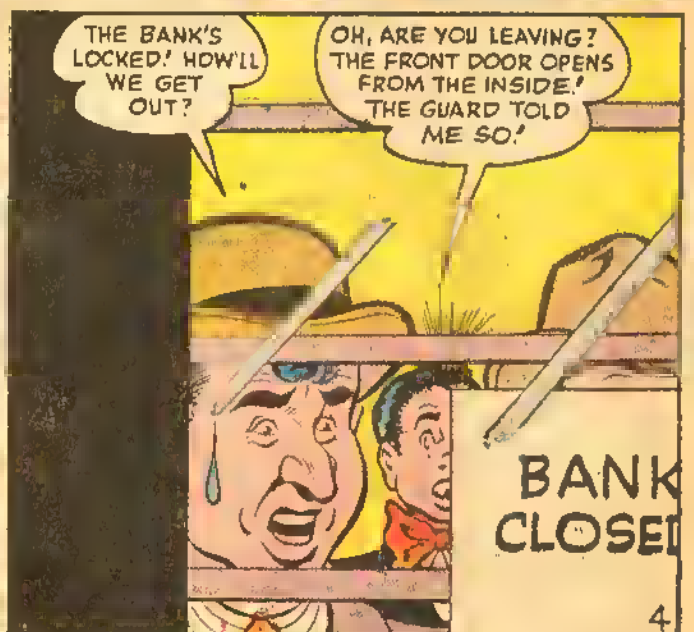
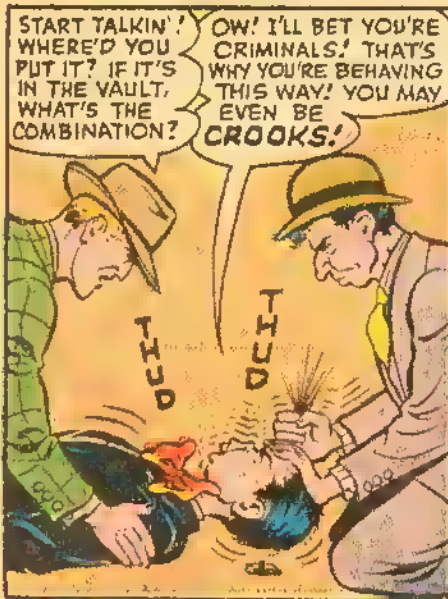


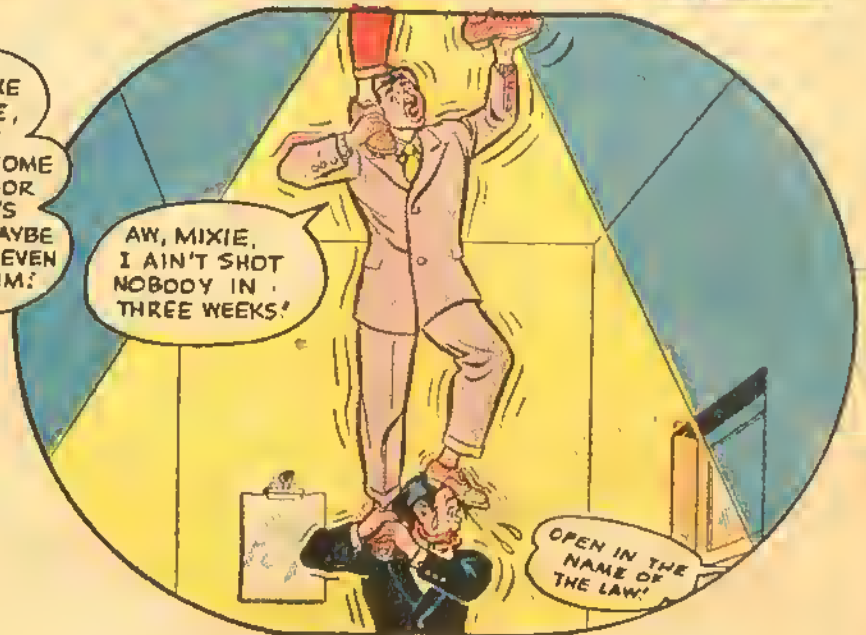
BZZ-Z-Z

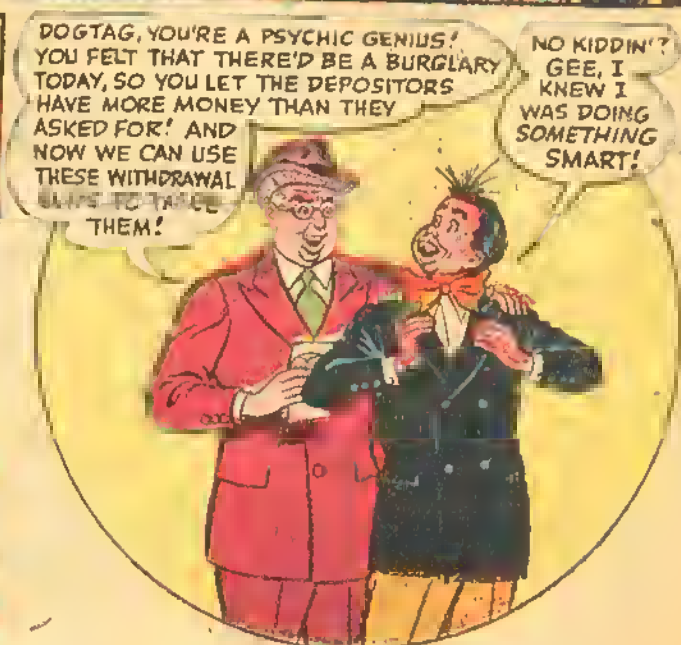
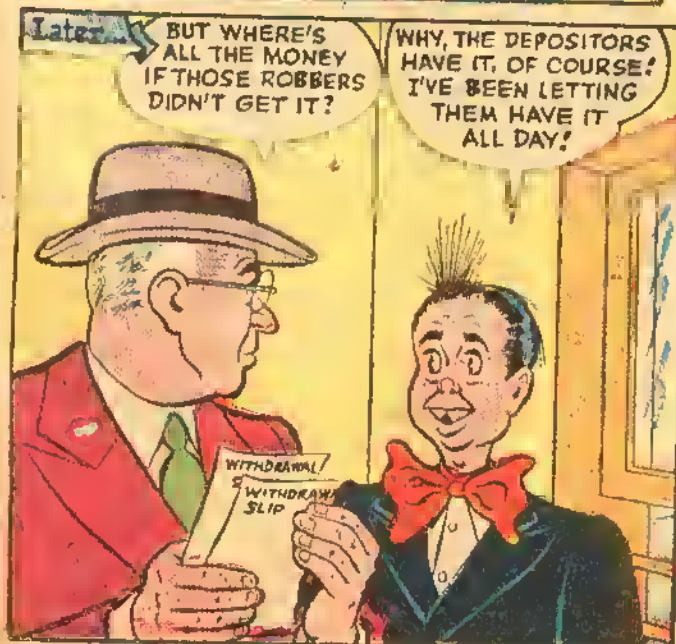
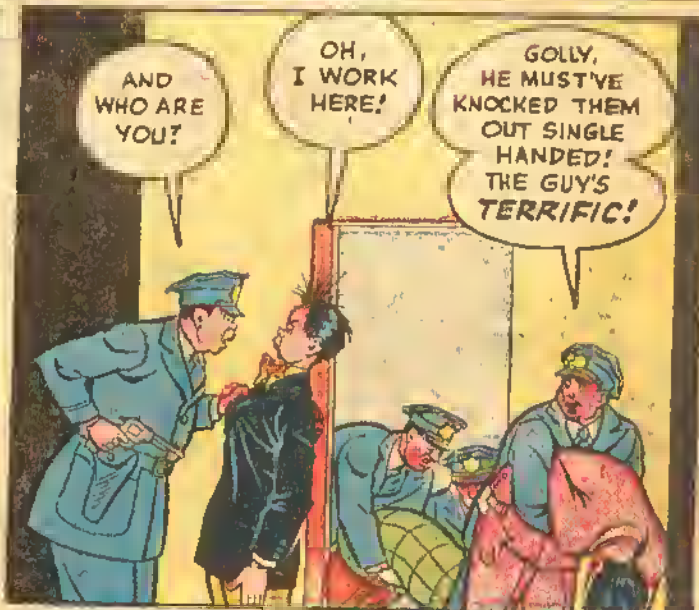
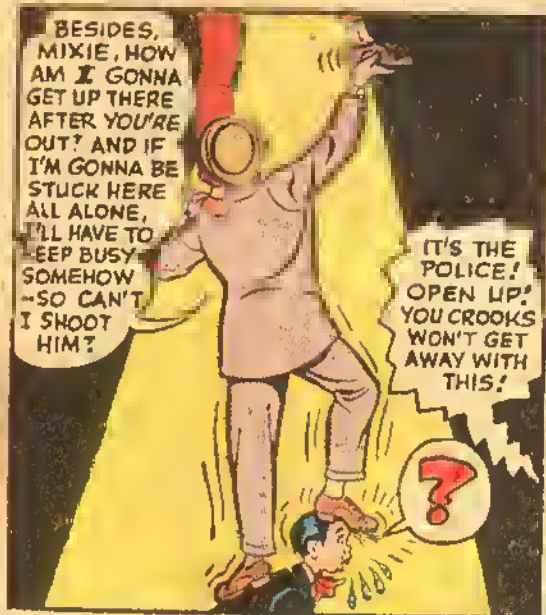
FUNNY... THERE'S A CONSTANT BUZZING IN MY EARS! MAYBE IT'S A TELLER'S OCCUPATIONAL DISEASE!











EZRA

EZRA, ARE YOU SURE FUZZY WON'T MIND YOUR LEAVING HIS BIKE WITH TWO FLAT TIRES?

GOSH NO, MYRNA! WITH THIS GOOD LUCK CHARM HE GAVE ME, NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO ME!



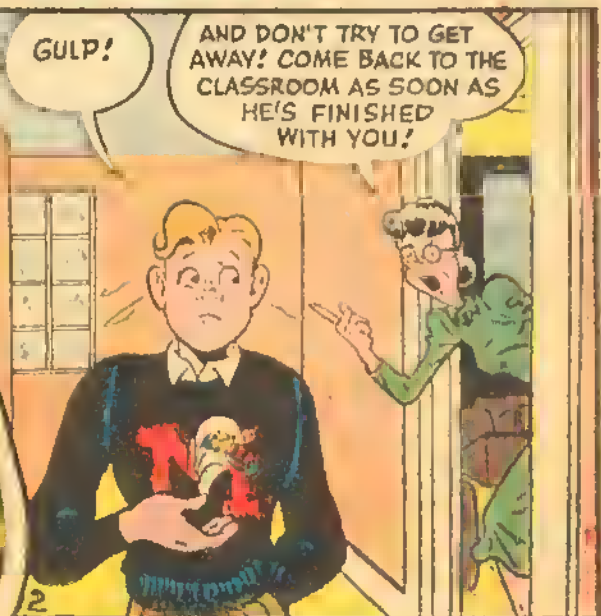
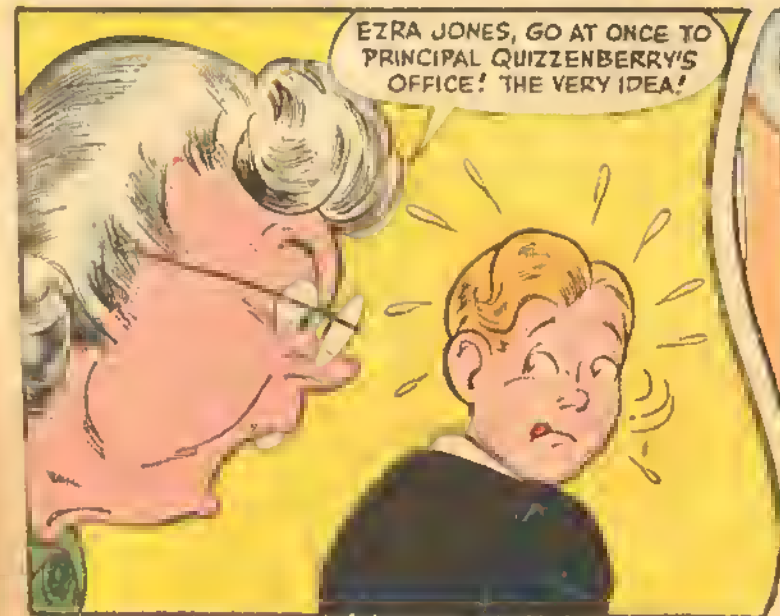
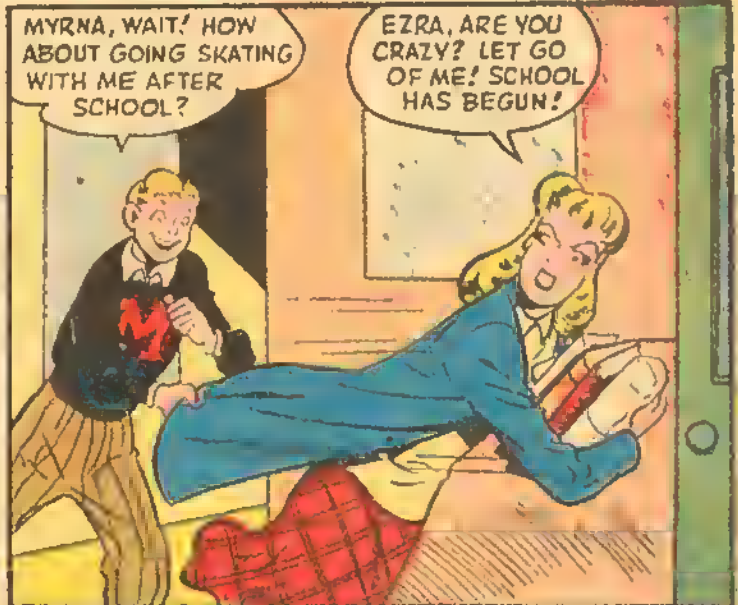
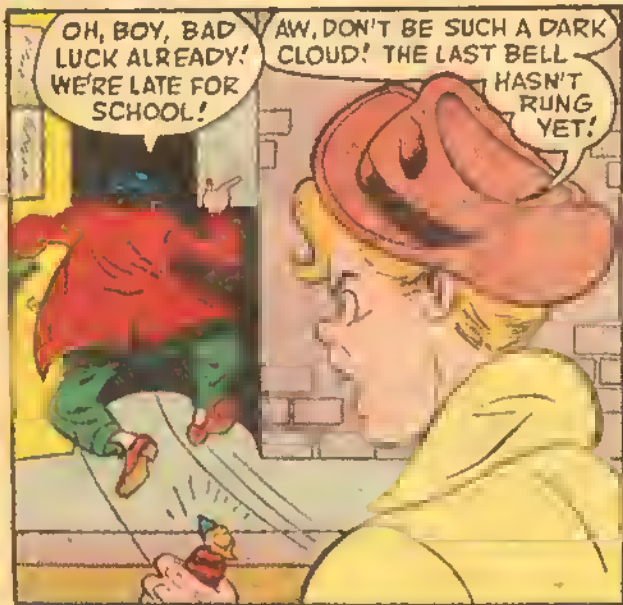
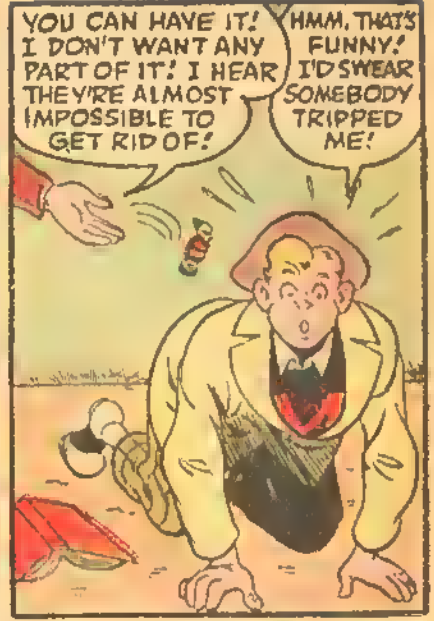
OKAY, FUZZY, HERE'S MY KNIFE!

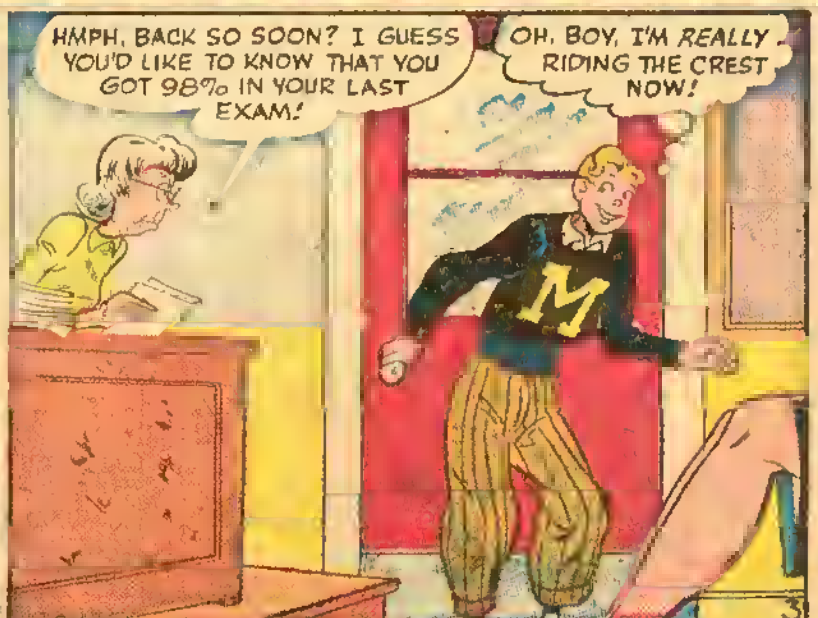
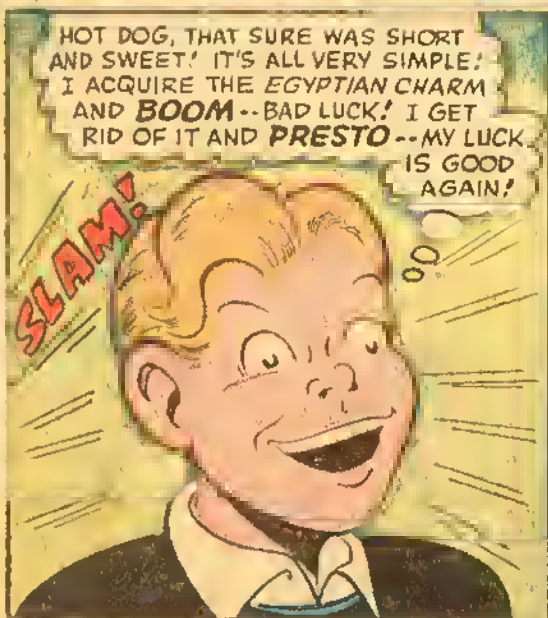
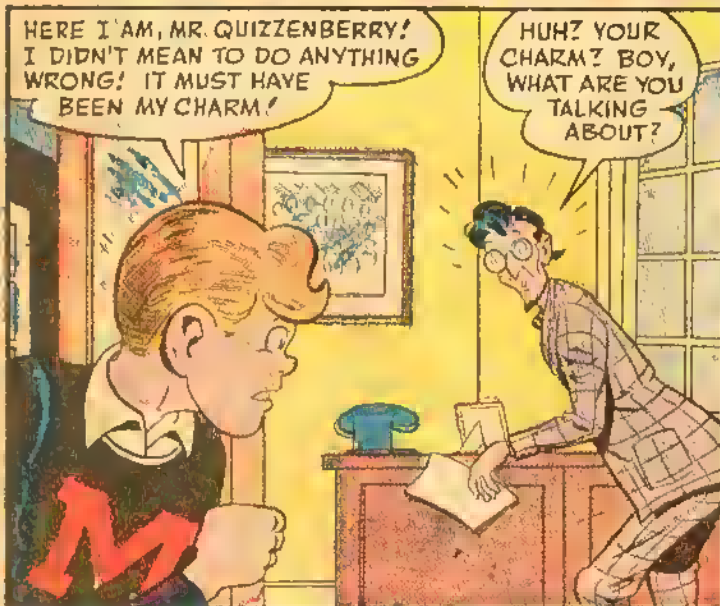
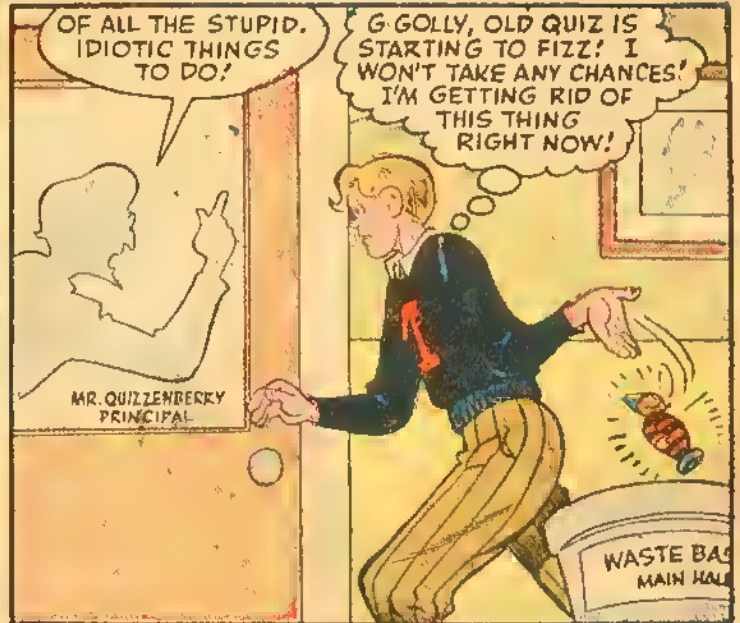
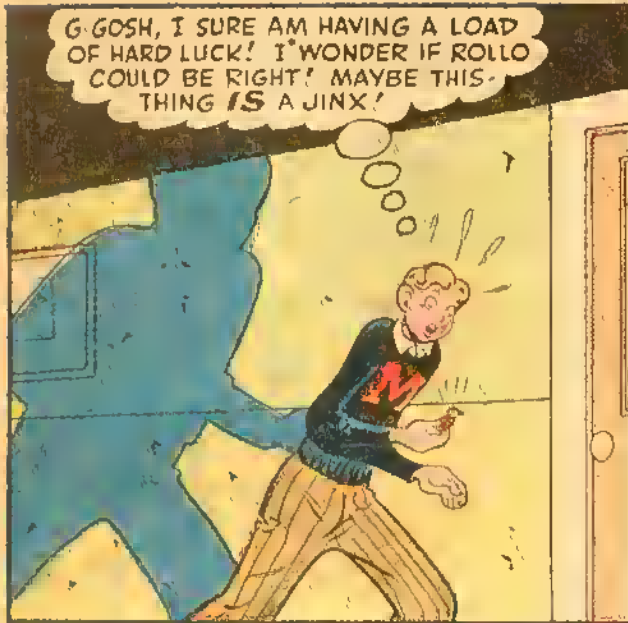
YOU'LL NEVER REGRET THIS SWAP, EZRA! MY COUSIN USED TO FLY A B-25 IN AFRICA AND HE BROUGHT THIS TO ME!

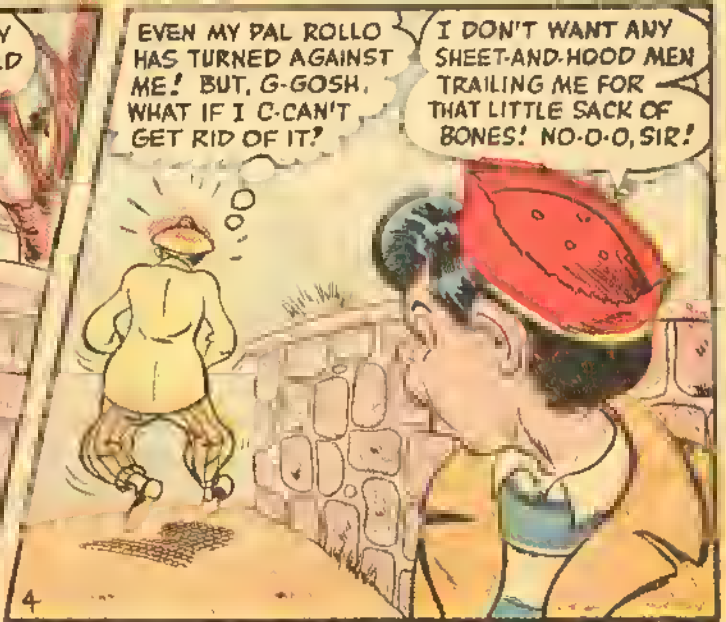
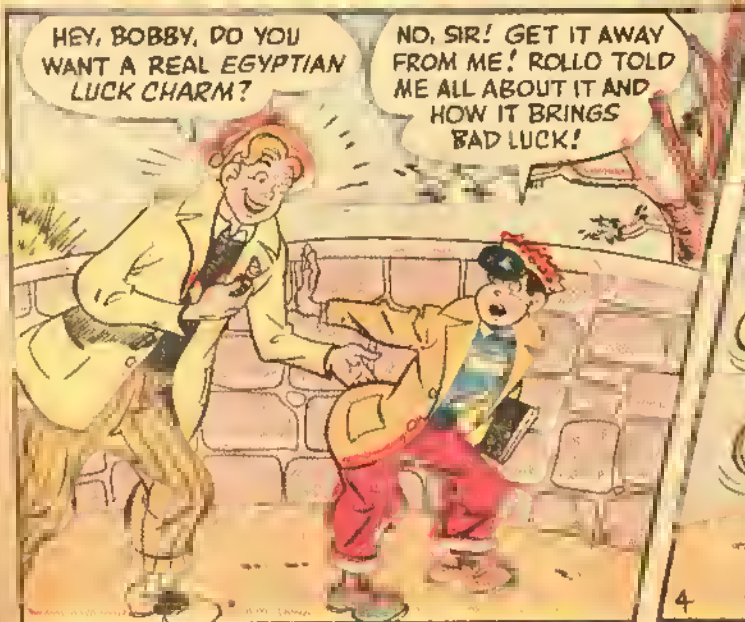
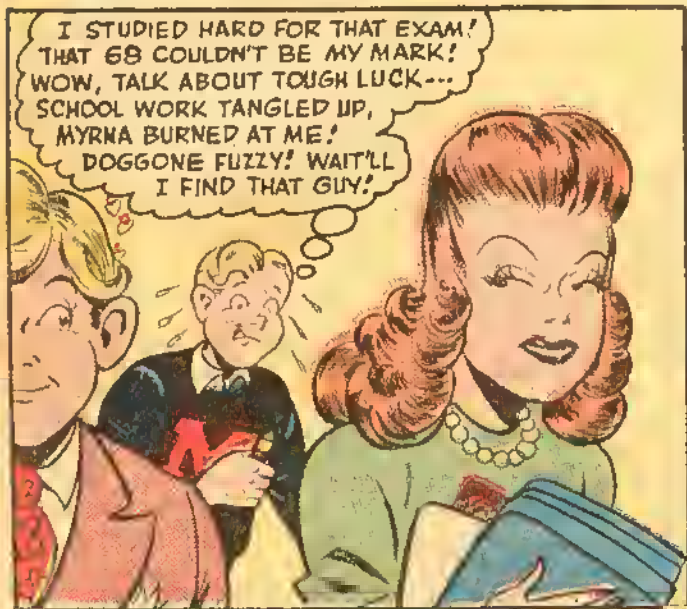
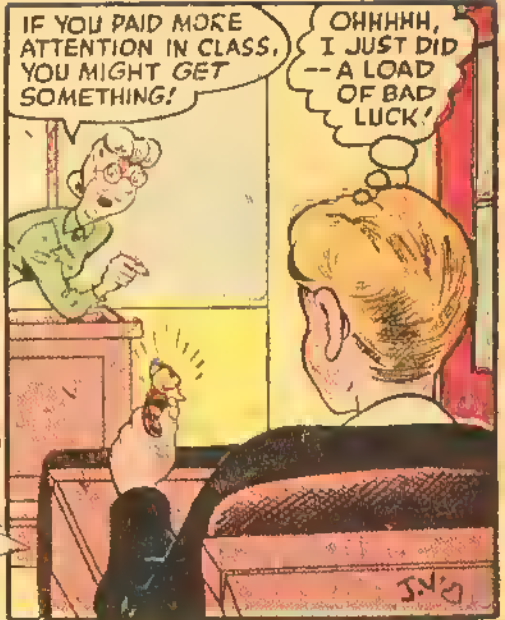
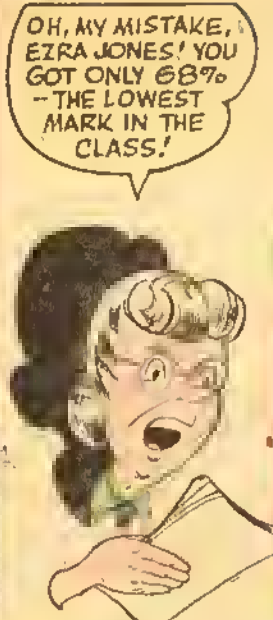
IT'S A GENUINE AFRICAN LUCK CHARM!

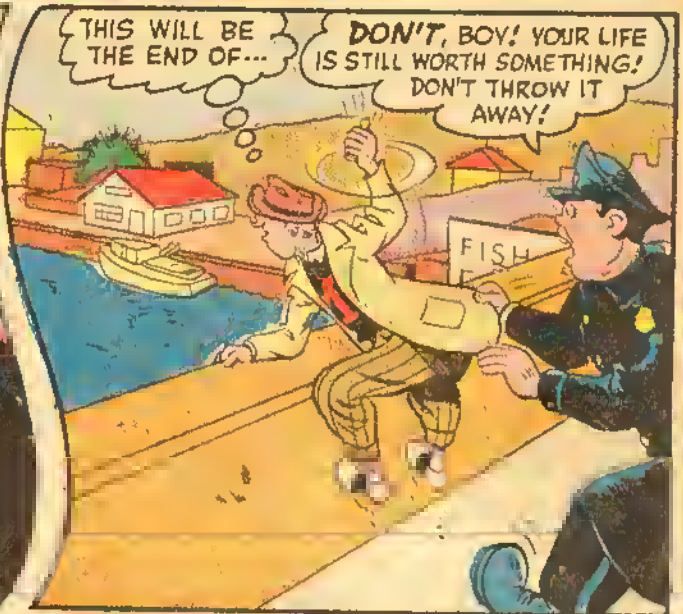
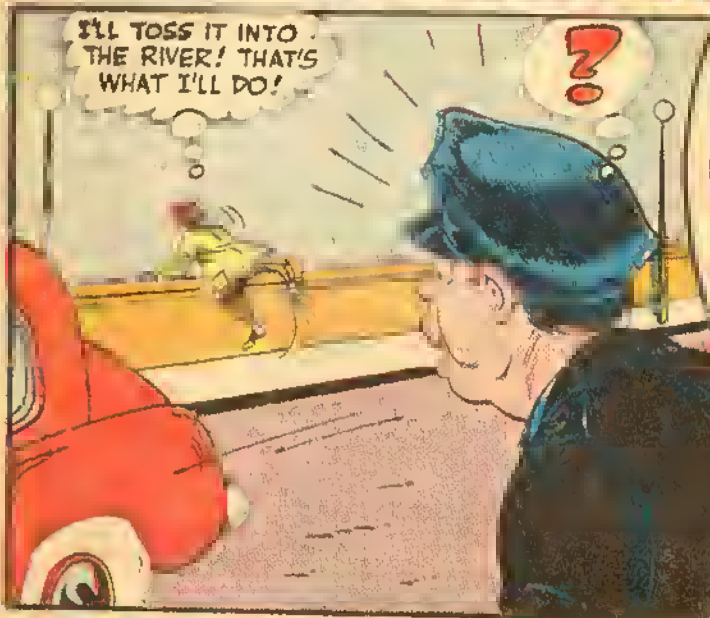
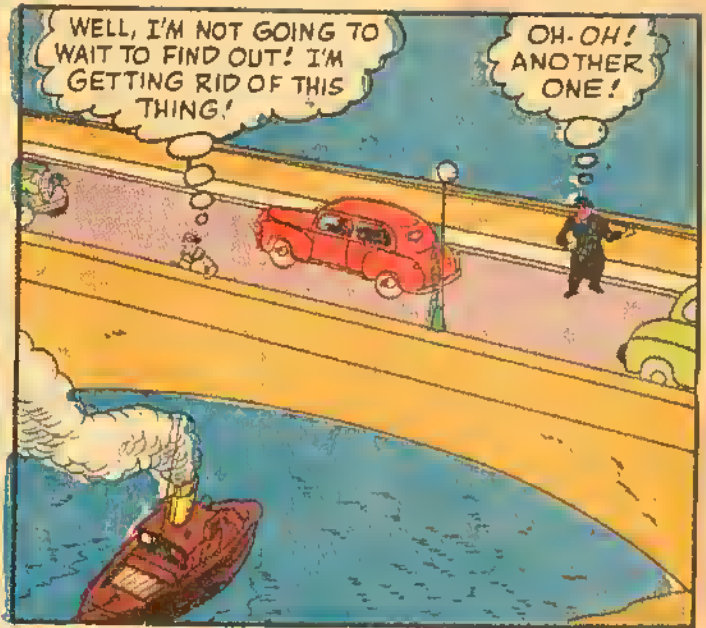
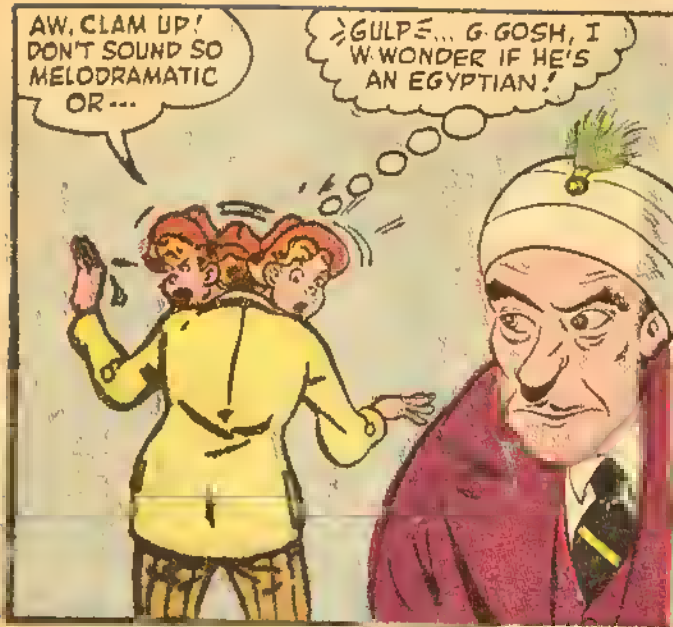
GOSH!



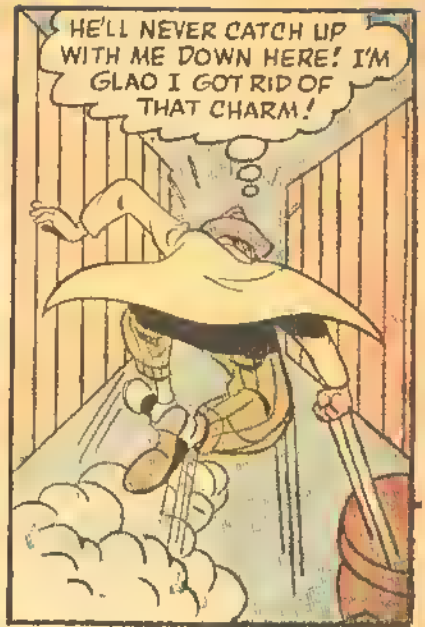


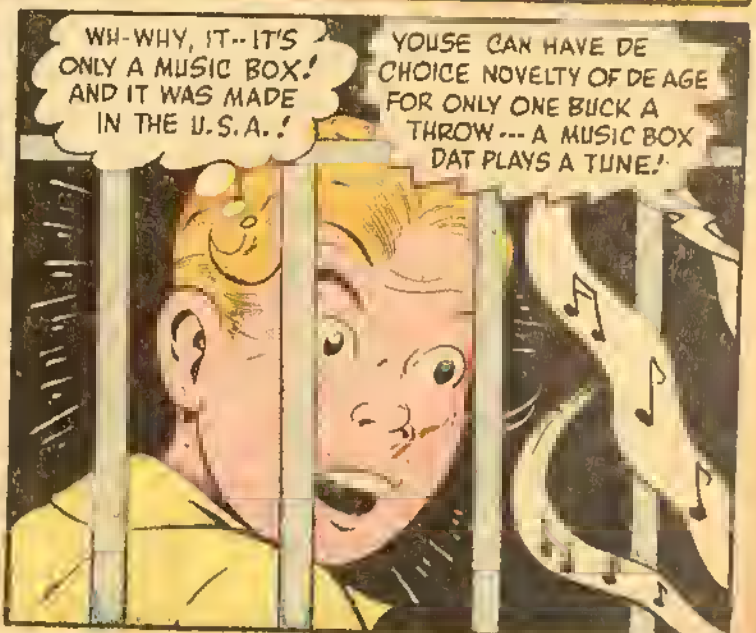
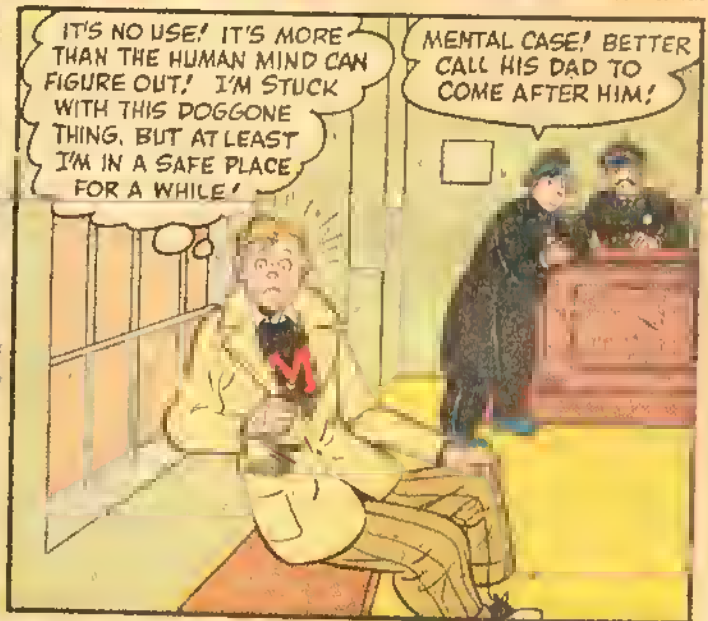
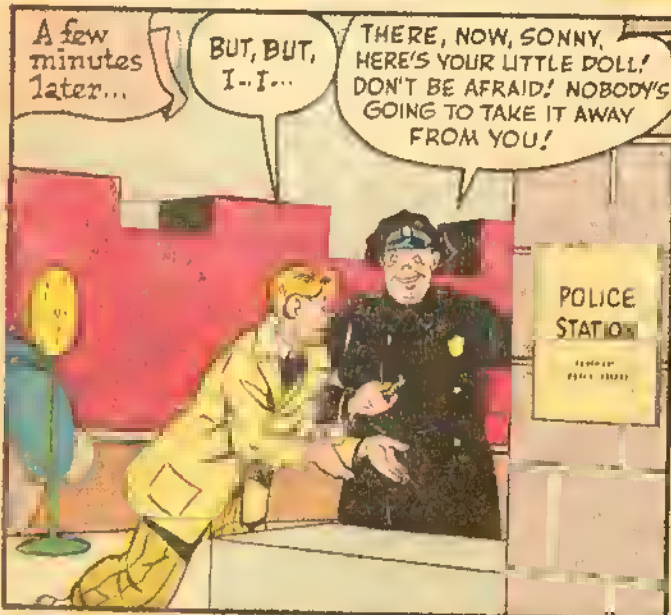
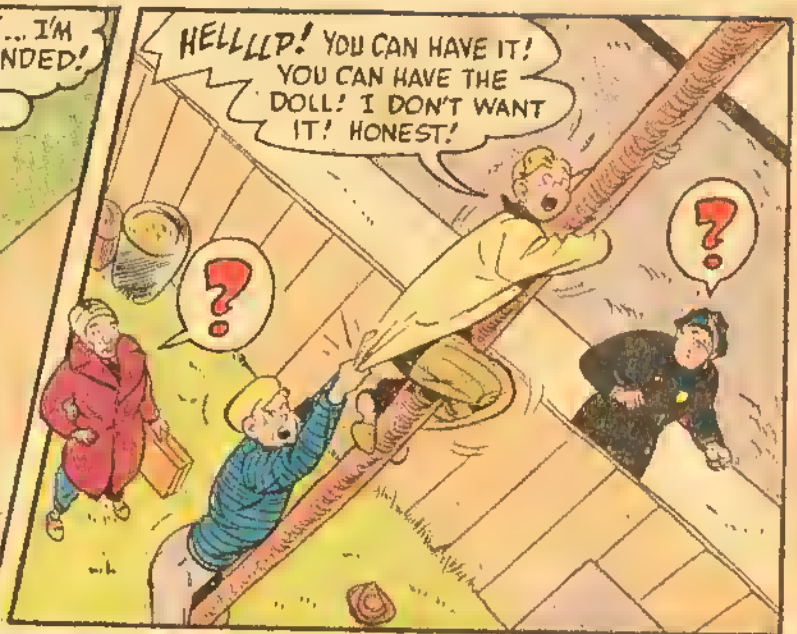
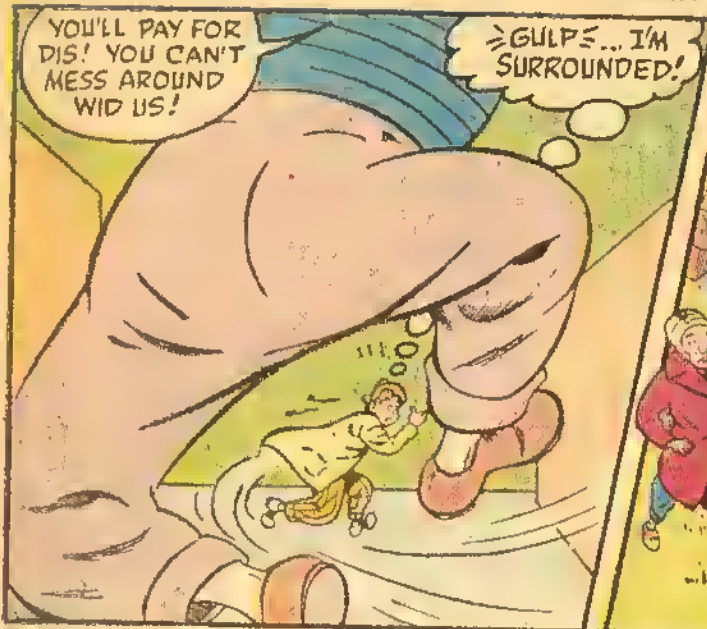


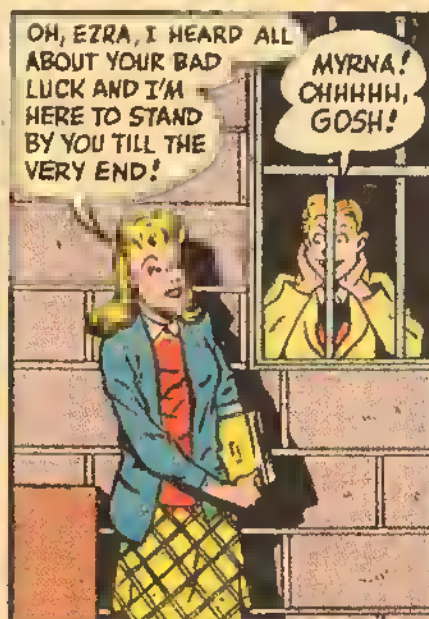
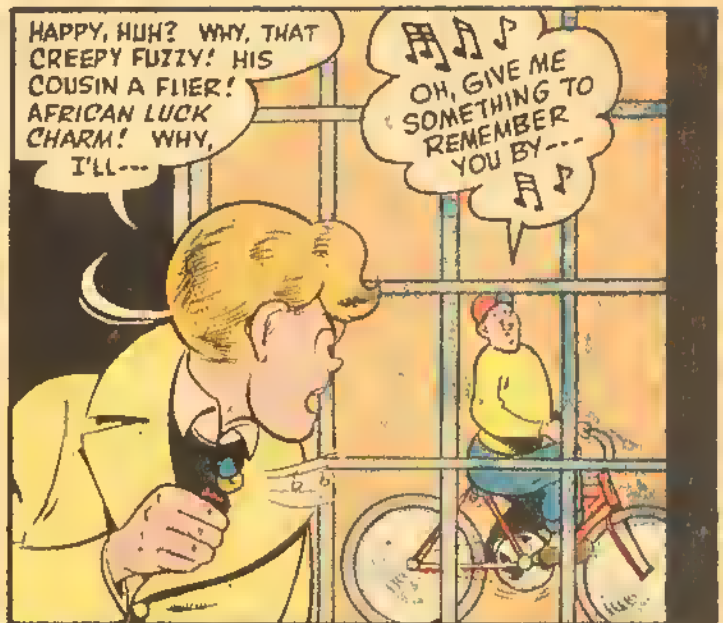




MODERN COMICS







WILL BRAGG



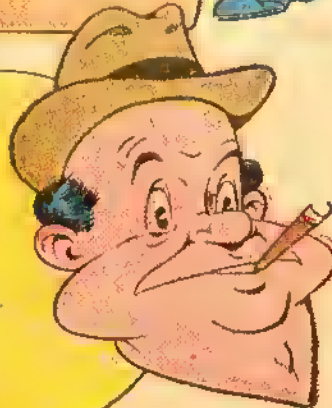
YOU'VE
HAD MORE
RELATIVES DIE
THAT NEEDED
HELP THAN A
WHOLE
CITY!

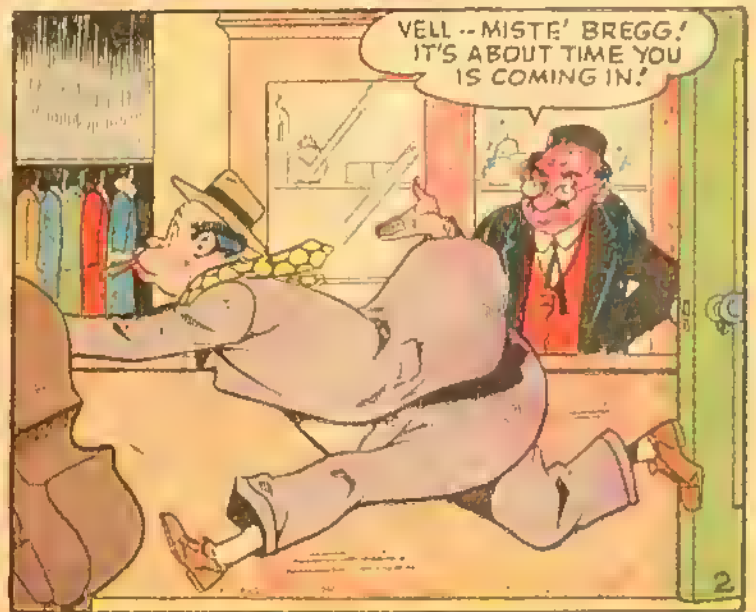
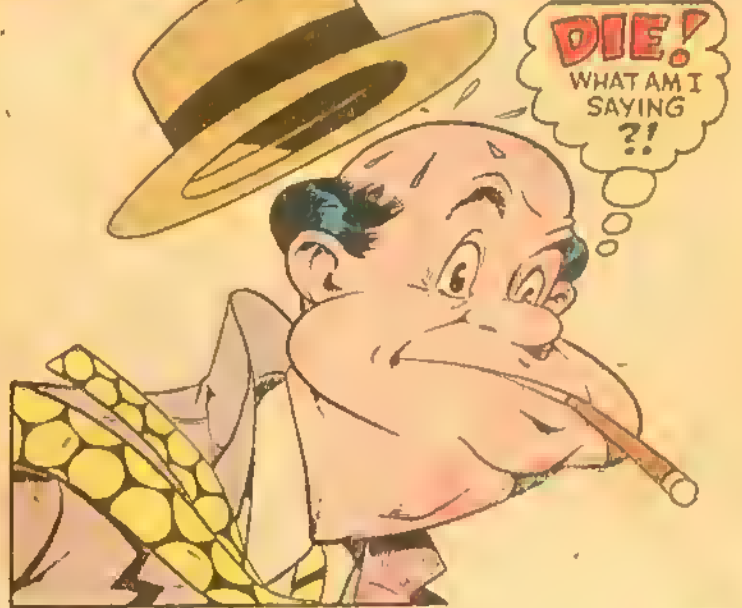
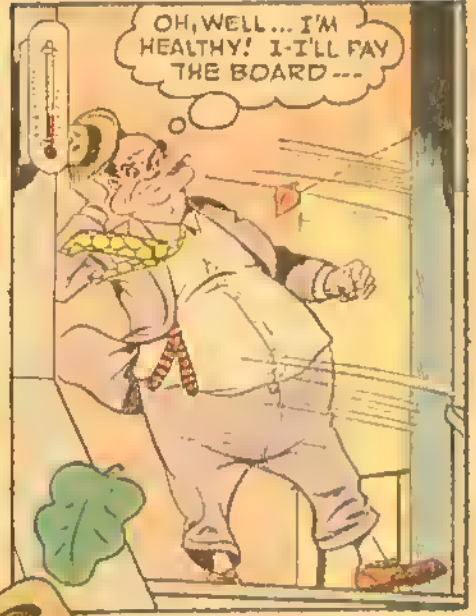
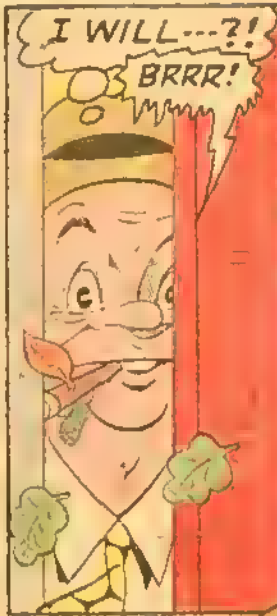
WILL BRAGG,
YOU'VE USED
EVERY POSSIBLE
EXCUSE NOT
TO PAY YOUR
BOARD!

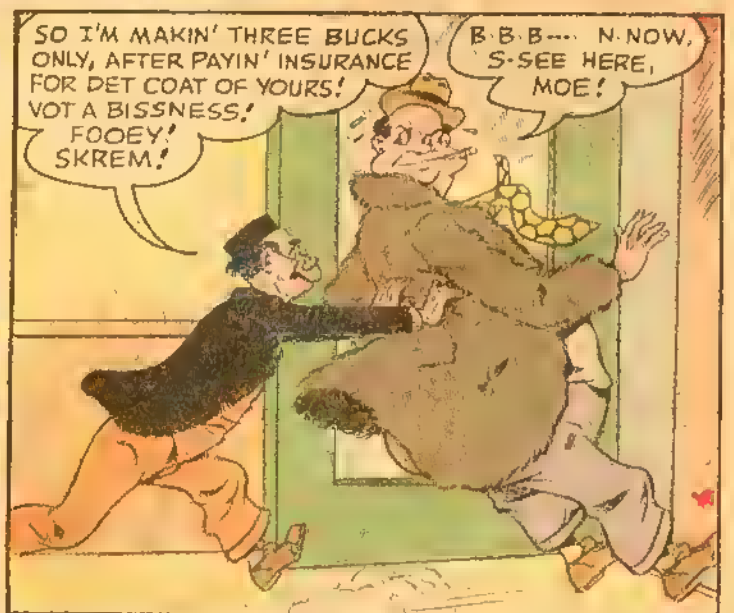
THE COMPANY
YOU GET YOUR
PENSION CHECK
FROM **ALWAYS**
FORGETS TO
SEND IT!

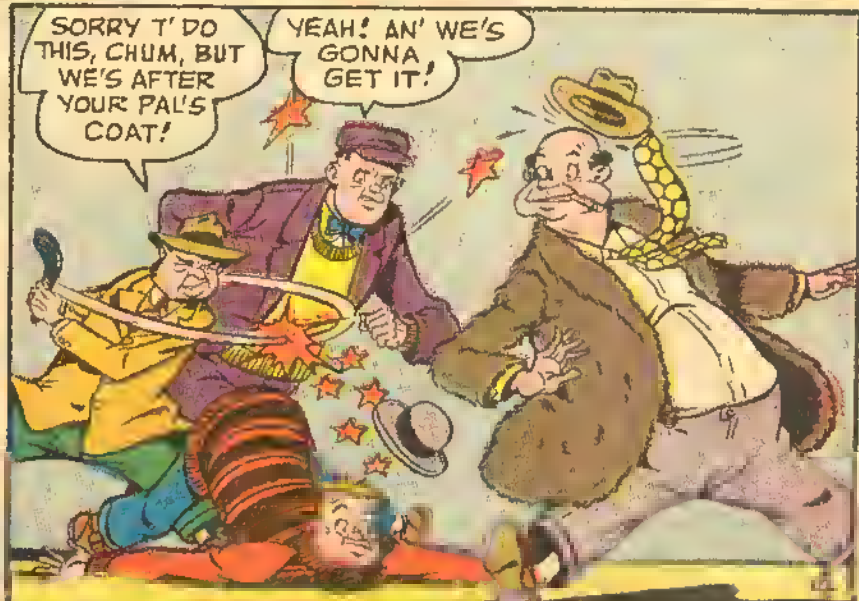
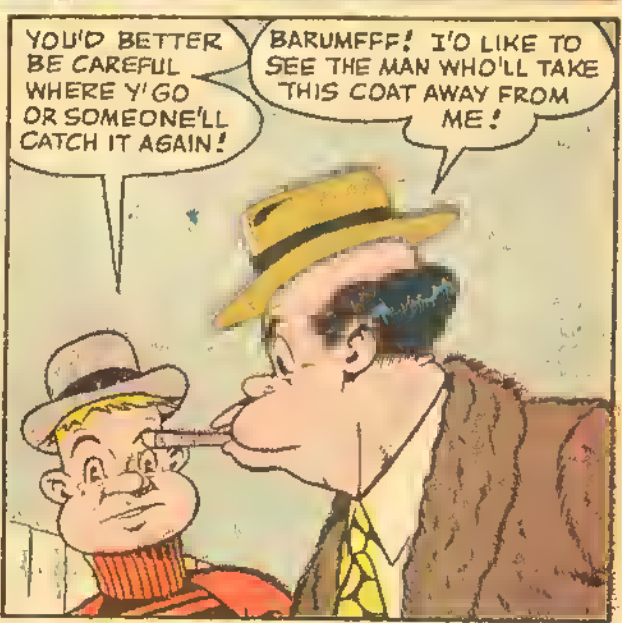
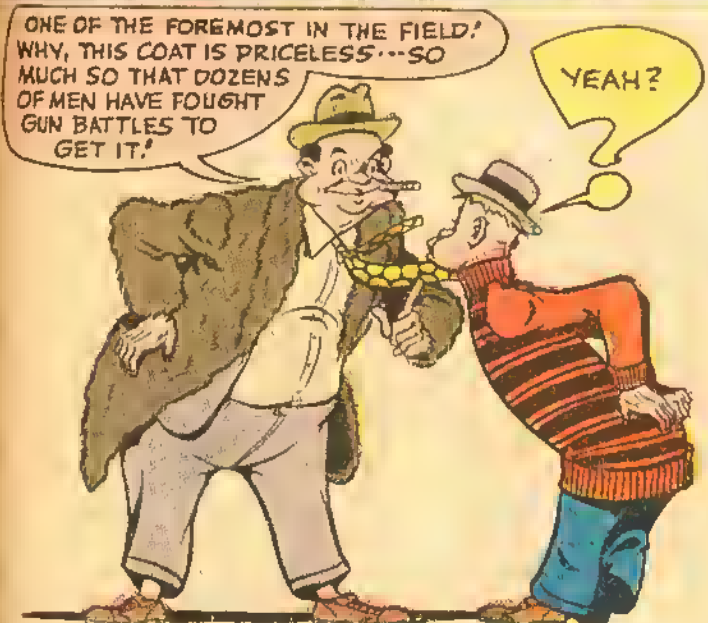
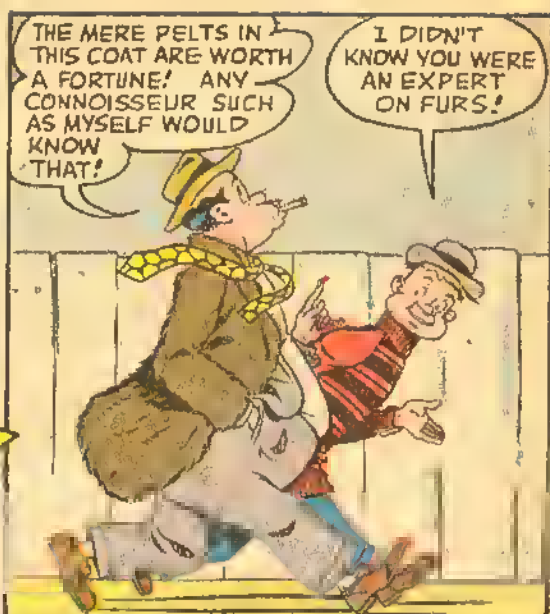
EVERY OTHER
WEEK THE STOCK
MARKET CRASHES
WORSE THAN IT
DID IN 1929 AND
YOU LOSE YOUR
SHIRT!

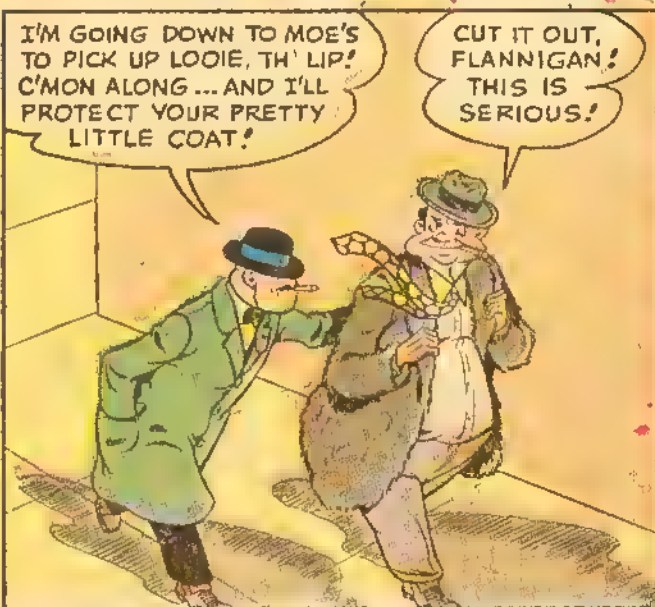
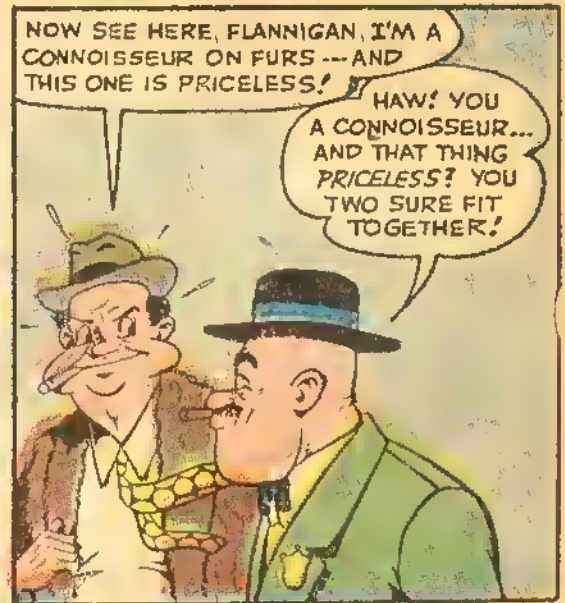
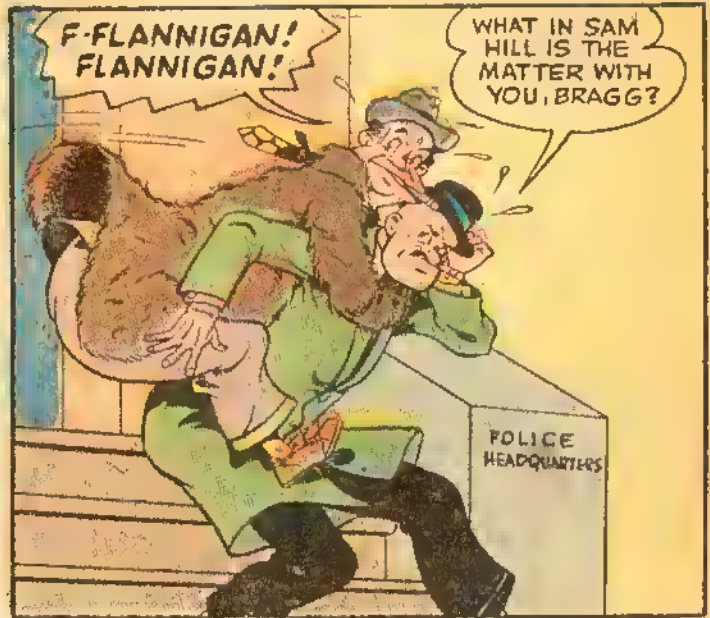
EVERY
FRIDAY YOU
GET OUT THAT WORN-
OUT MEDICAL BOOK
OF YOURS AND FIND
SOME KIND OF
CONTAGIOUS
AFFLICTION TO
HAVE SATURDAY
MORNING WHEN I
COME AROUND TO
COLLECT THE
BOARD BILL!

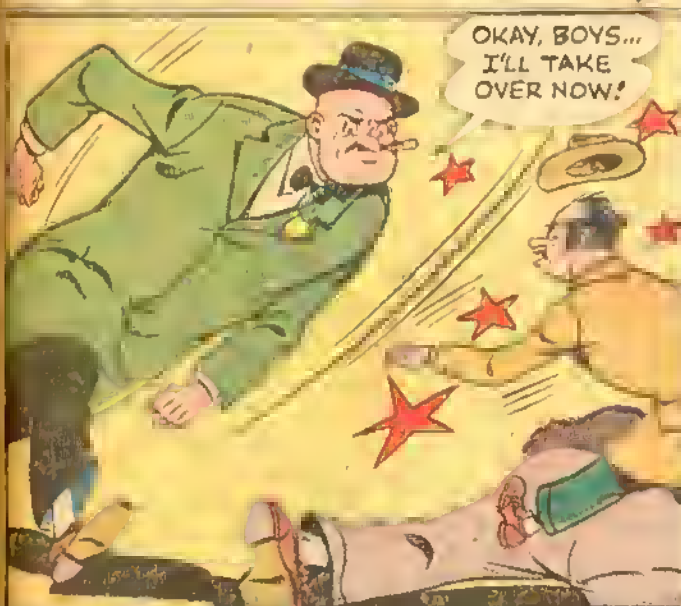


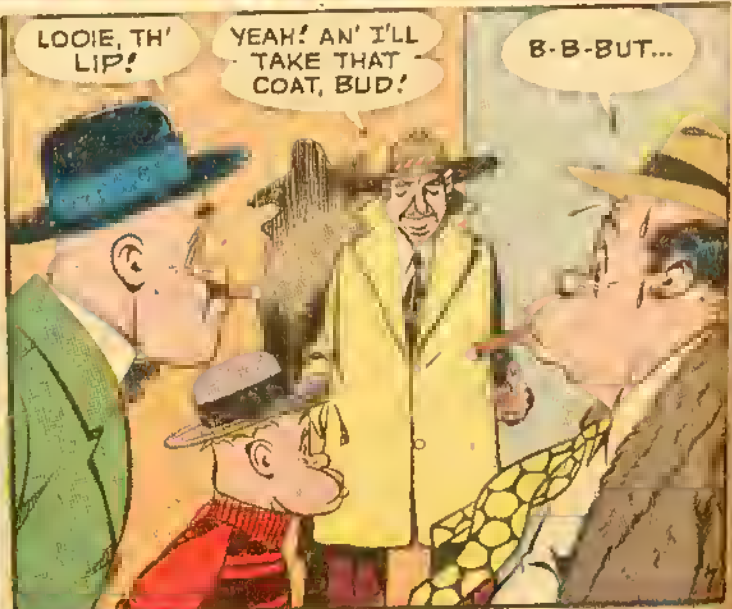
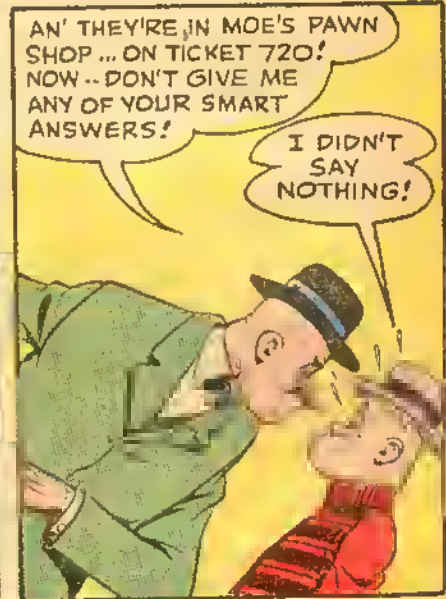
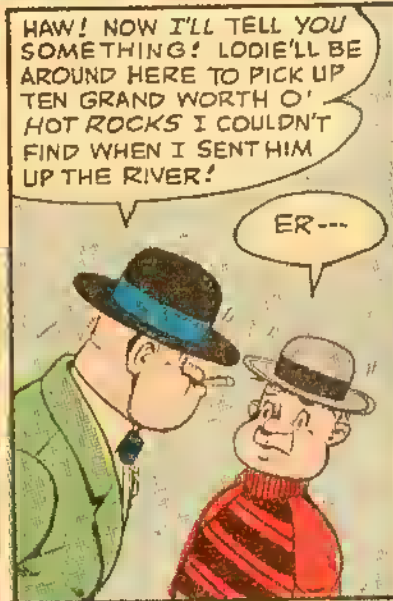
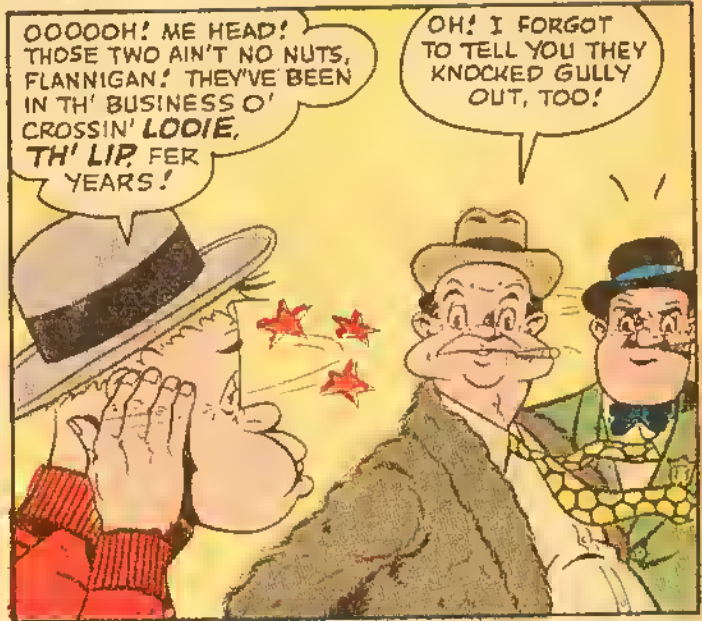
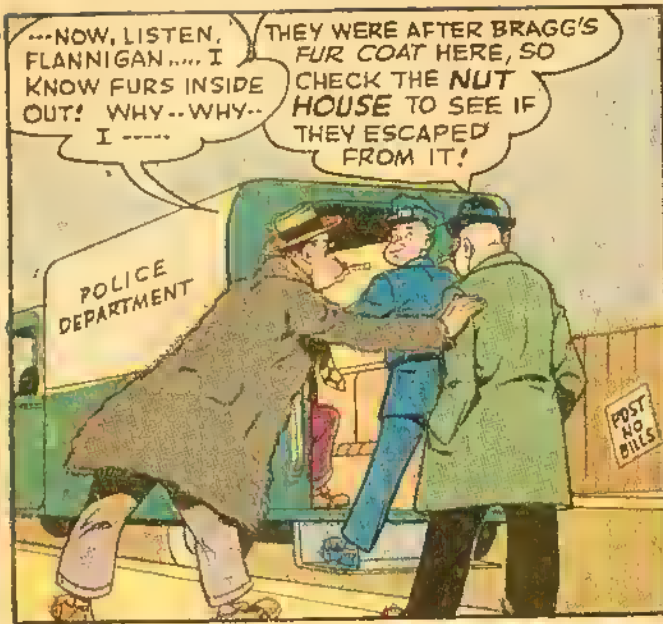


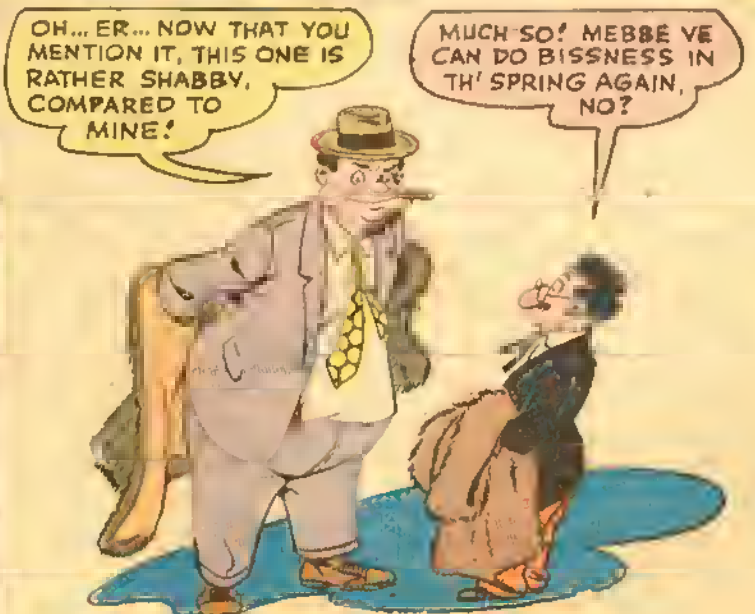
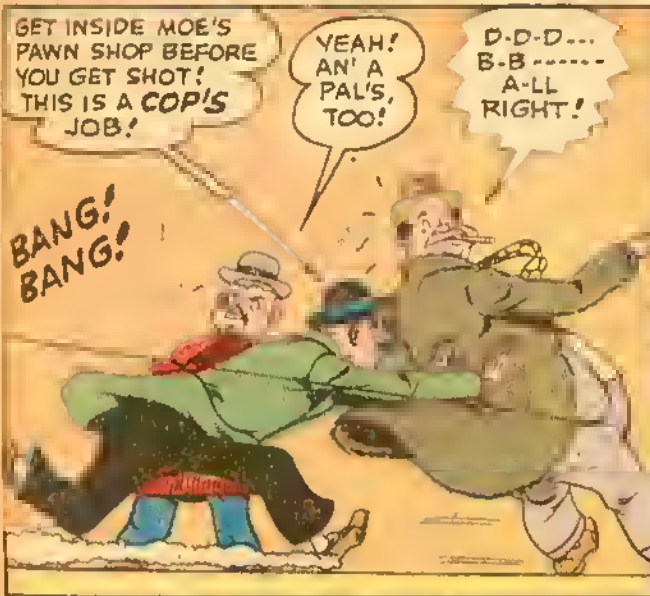
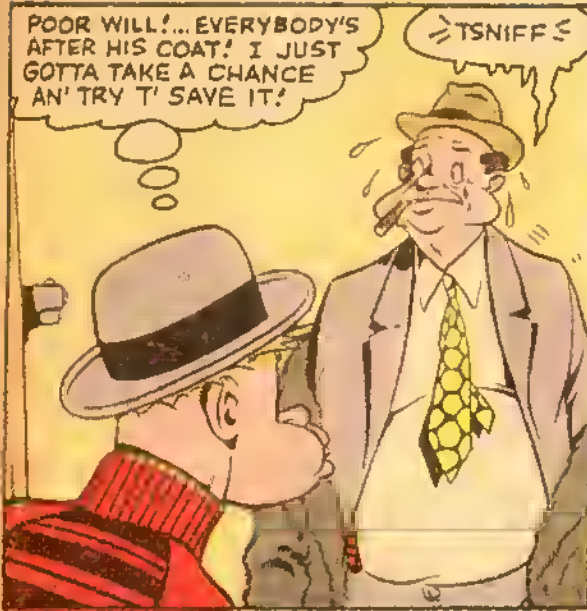


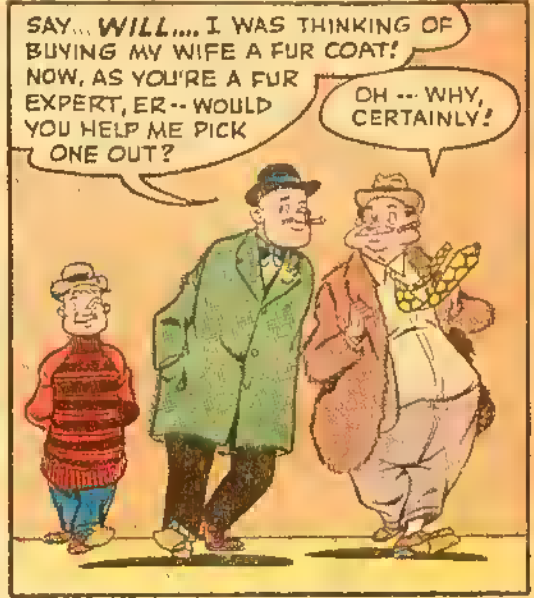
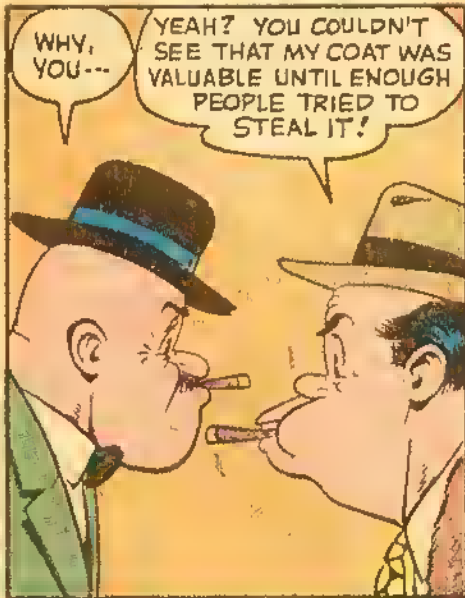
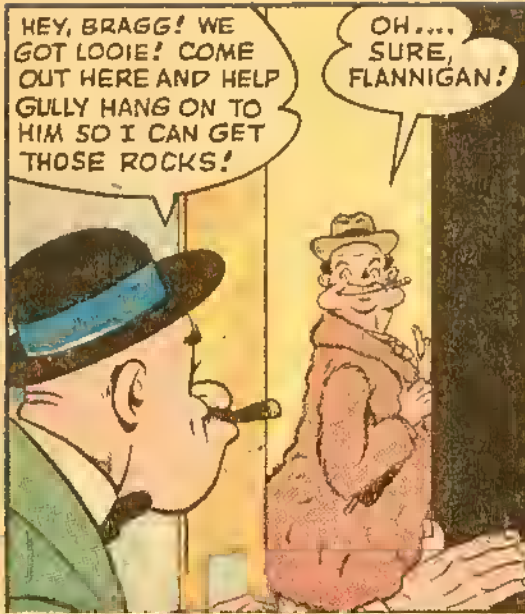


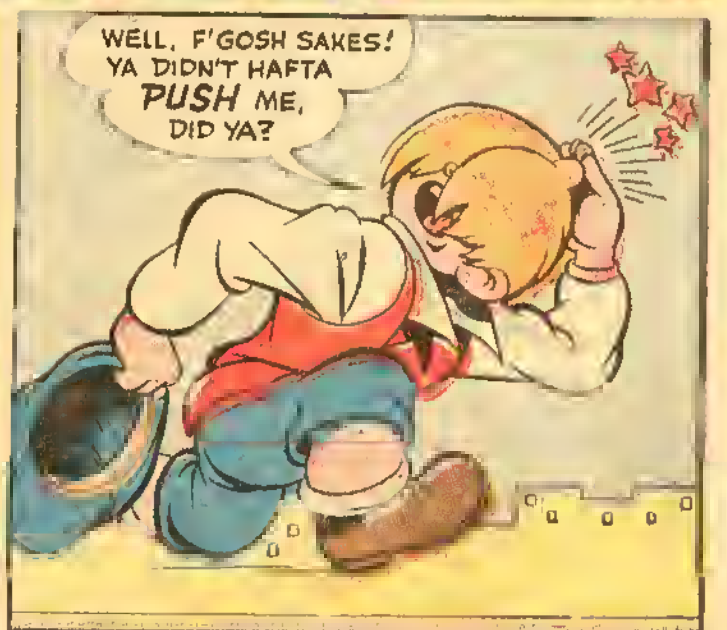
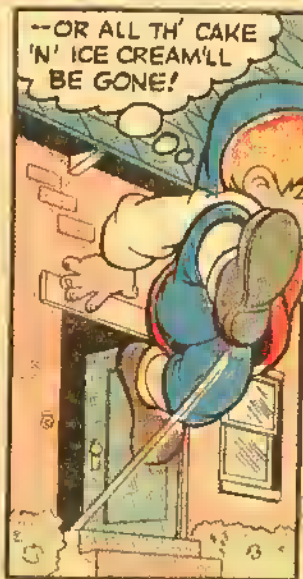
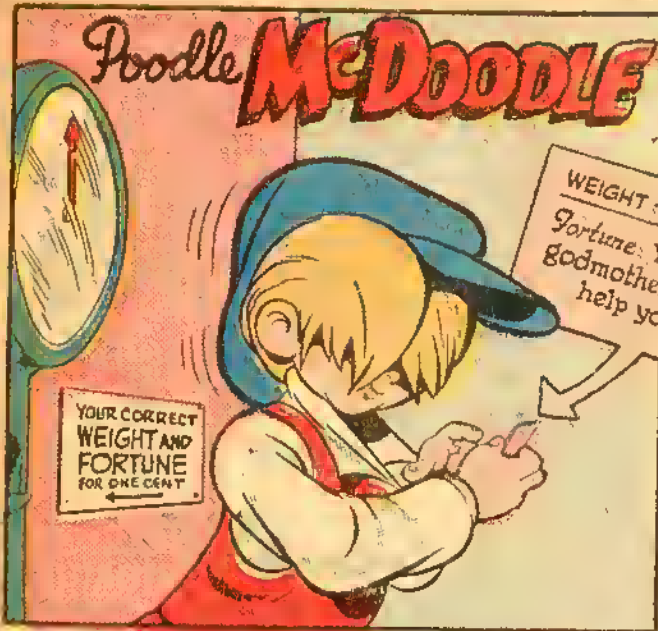












REVENGE

SLUG KELLS, big, roaring, swung again. His huge fist caught Jackson on the side of the head and sent him spinning. But Jackson, smaller, but just as tough, was up in a flash and came boring in. He flailed with fists that snapped in and out like forked lightning.

Kells caught one on the button, staggered, shook his head. Then he bellowed and rushed the smaller man. Jackson tripped him with a quick flip of his foot, whirled, ready, as Kells sprawled into the far wall of the cafe.

Everybody crowding around the fighters now began edging away. There would be knife work from here on in, they were sure. Kells wasn't one to take a tripping, even in the land of free-for-all fighting. He leaped to his feet and went for his knife. Cagily, dancing on the balls of his feet, the big man came in, crouching, knife arm extended.

Jackson backed off, watching his chance. He fumbled at his knife scabbard. Then it was that the spectators saw he was not armed.

"Hey, look out, Jackson!" they called. "Better run for it, Jackie!" "He'll carve you into dog meat!"

Kells circled, watching for an opening; then he rushed. Jackson nimbly side-stepped and kicked a low chair in Kells' path. The big man went down, splintering the flimsy chair. Jackson was on him like a catamount. With a quick grasp he had Kells' knife wrist, and in a second the big man's gleaming blade went skittering across the room.

Jackson gave Kells a final rabbit punch at the back of the neck—and Kells lay quiet.

"Now you've done it!" someone said in an awe-struck tone. "Kells'll kill you, Jackson."

"I doubt it," replied the man, breathing hard. "Of course, he'll try." With that he stalked out of the cafe.

The crowd looked at each other and shook their heads. This was bad business. Yes, Kells would surely murder Jackson for this. They liked Jackson. Quiet, unassuming, he was one

of the best lumbermen in the North. Paid well, gave no one any trouble. Kells had been after his several mills for more than a year.

Kells wielded power in the North. Now it looked like Kells would have his way. Jackson could not fight a combination such as represented by Kells and the few authorities who cowed to him.

What would be the bad man's move?

Jackson operated five lumber mills scattered over a small area in the woods; he employed several hundred men. All of them swore by him. On the other hand, Kells' big mills, several miles east of Jackson's, were run by a pack of rascals for the most part, "Kells' Killers," someone had called them.

On Saturday nights in the little village, it was common for Kells' and Jackson's men to tangle in rough-house battles, just for the fun of it. It was about even, though Kells' men were not above using the worst fight tactics, nor were some of Jackson's jacks for that matter.

On the Saturday night the fight between Kells and Jackson came off, a heavy rain fell, and lumbering was slowed down to the stopping point for three days. Kells had plenty of time to recoup, if he had actually been injured by Jackson, who it was known had a few jujitsu tricks up his sleeve.

The following Wednesday, Monte Clune, high in a great pine which he was topping, yelled and pitched to the ground more than 100 feet. For a moment Jackson thought he had simply fallen, but closer examination of the dead man showed a small round hole just under his left shoulder blade.

"Shot!" muttered Jackson. "Kells, the dirty rat!"

When Jackson's donkey engine at No. 4 mill exploded, killing the engineer and two sawyers, Jackson again thought it was negligence on the part of someone. Then one of his other engineers found the copper steam gauge line hammered flat.

"So someone tampered with the line, so the gauge wouldn't show the pressure," growled Jackson. "And I know who!"

Jackson was on the point of going to see Slug Kells when the phone in his little cubby office rang. The No. 1 mill boss reported that the entire mill was on fire, and water did no good to put out the blaze.

"Acts like gasoline," said the boss. "We're wiped out, Jackson."

Two days later Mill No. 5 went up in smoke.

Jackson swore furiously under his breath. Kells really had gone all-out to get him! Well, he, Jackson, had a trick or two yet!

The fire at Mill 3 started a holocaust in the woods that raged for three days, burning a lot of Jackson's valuable pine stand.

All the fires had got out of hand almost as soon as they were discovered, which proved beyond a doubt that Kells was using gasoline. Water only spread the flames.

But how was Jackson to catch the devil in his trick? He staked men out at his other mills, with the warning to shoot to kill if they saw any prowlers.

It was a guard at No. 1 mill who found the clue of how the fires were started. Just before dawn on a misty morning, he saw a streak of fire racing toward the mill sheds where lumber was stacked in high piles, curing. No sooner had the racing red streak dashed into the sheds than the whole place burst into a roaring inferno.

"My gosh!" said the guard as he hurried to the phone in the little office. "Rabbits! Kells is soaking rabbits in gas and turnin' 'em loose—but how is he soakin' the lumber with gas?"

Jackson was beside himself, but there was nothing he could do. He wired the insurance people in Seattle and several investigators arrived by plane a couple of days later.

They too were halted by the blank wall of no evidence. Of course, the rabbit story sounded likely; it had been done before. A dirty, cruel way to avenge a wrong by killing innocent animals. One of them found the method of soaking the lumber with gasoline. In the debris of one of the mills he uncovered a long length of copper tubing stretched through one of the wreck-

ed sheds. It was drilled with tiny holes and acted as a spray.

Still, there was nothing to pin the blame on.

Jackson now had only one mill. But he had suffered no loss; he was insured. Something that Kells wasn't. Kells hooted at the idea of insurance. He could look out after his own interests, said he.

Now, if a fire swept Kells' holdings. No. Jackson banished the thought. He wasn't of that stripe. It would serve Kells right, but neither Jackson nor his men would resort to such tricks.

Two months after the disastrous fires in Jackson's mills, which had thrown hundreds of men out of work, Jackson and a group of his men were gathered in the cafe where the fight had come off.

It was a bad night, with a howling storm lashing at the windows, and thunder and lightning making a great fuss.

Most of the men were playing checkers and pinochle and the cafe was comparatively quiet, when Kells strode in, glaring evilly around. When he saw Jackson he grinned sarcastically and turned his back.

Jackson ground his teeth. It was all he could do to keep still.

Jackson was still eyeing the big man when one of Kells' underlings rushed into the room yelling, "Fire! The Mill's burning, Boss!" he shouted at Kells.

Kells dropped his drink and strode outside.

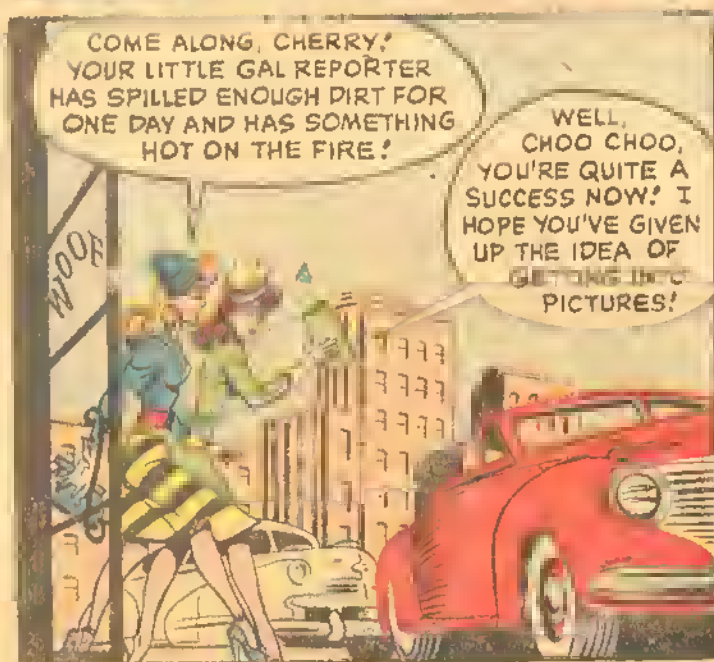
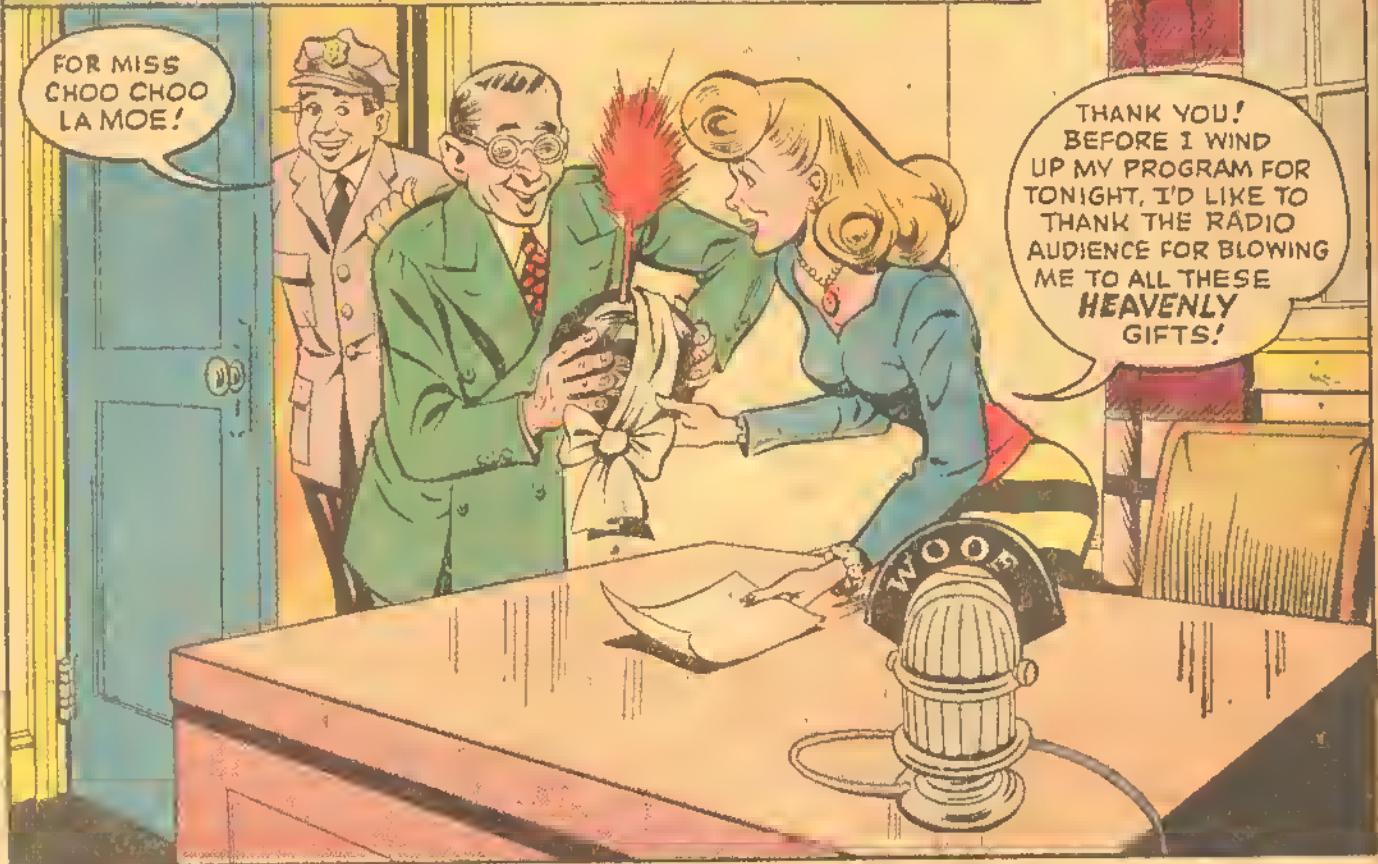
Everybody else did the same. The night sky was lit up for miles around. Lightning still flashed, but the rain had ceased.

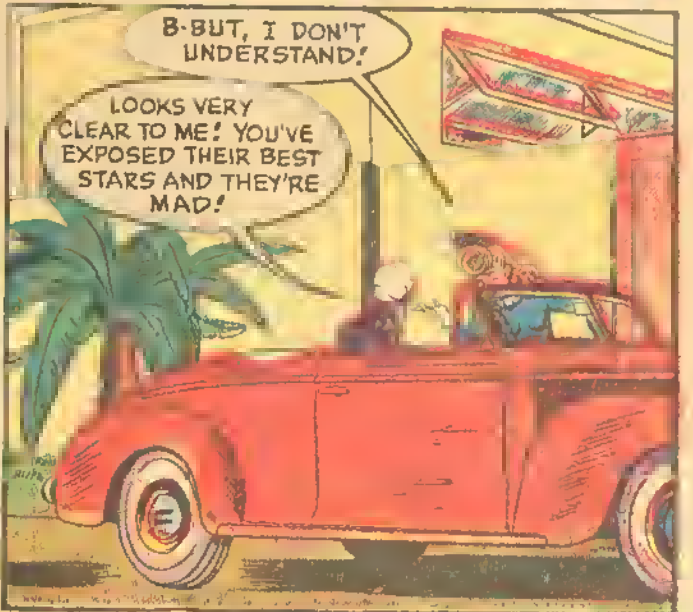
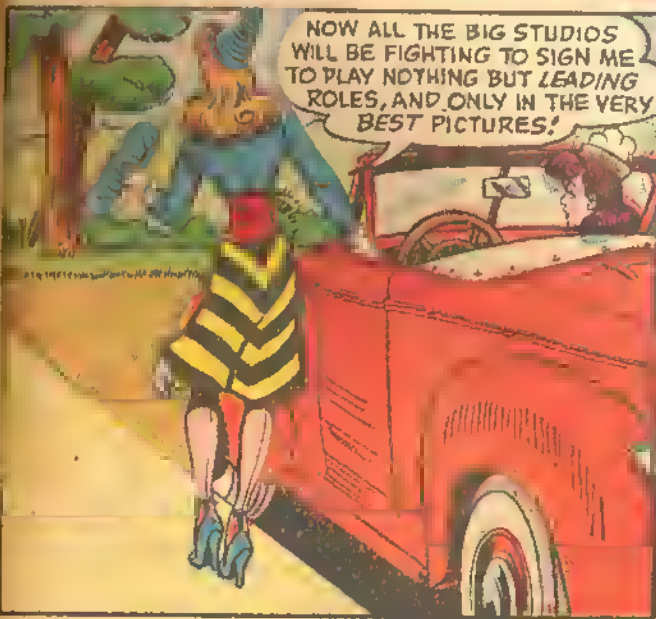
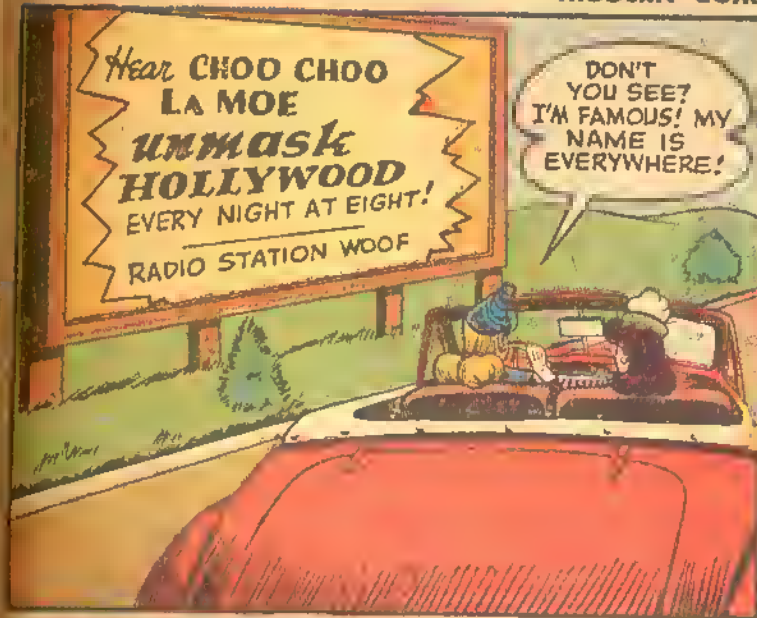
"Lightnin' struck the tank—"

"Shut up, you fool!" Kells knocked the man down. "Come on, you lugs!" He rushed off with his men trailing.

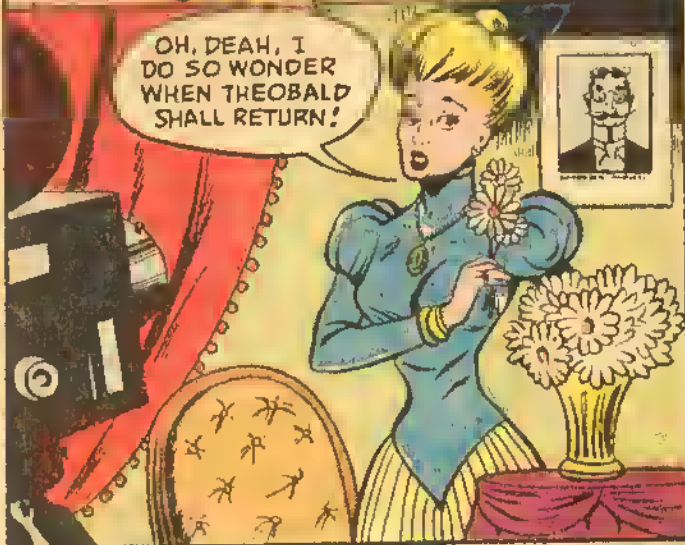
It was useless. Where Kells had thought to burn out an enemy by trickery, he had stuck his own head in the noose. Lightning had struck the huge tank of gasoline at his mill, which had exploded, firing every building instantly. Heaven was the avenger.

CHOO CHOO

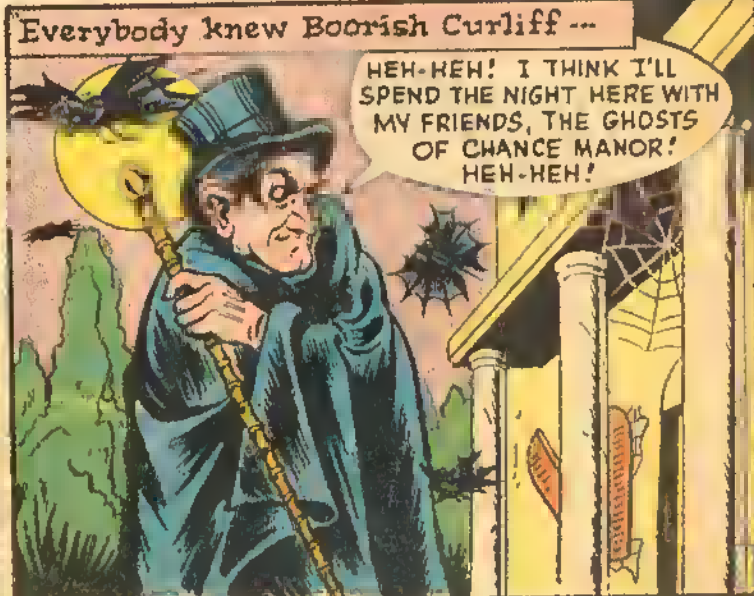
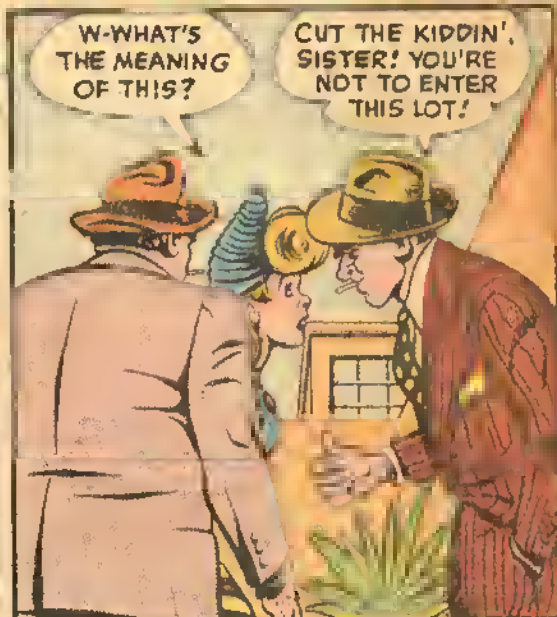
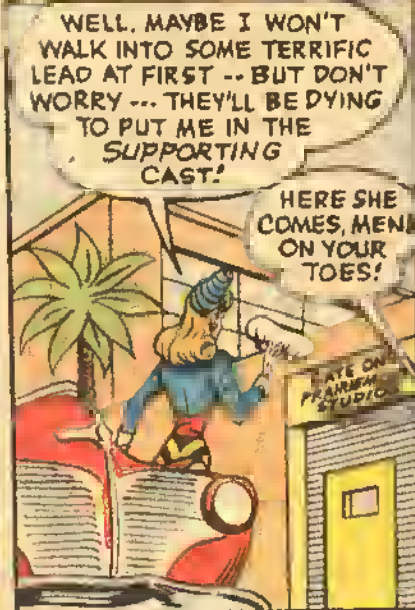
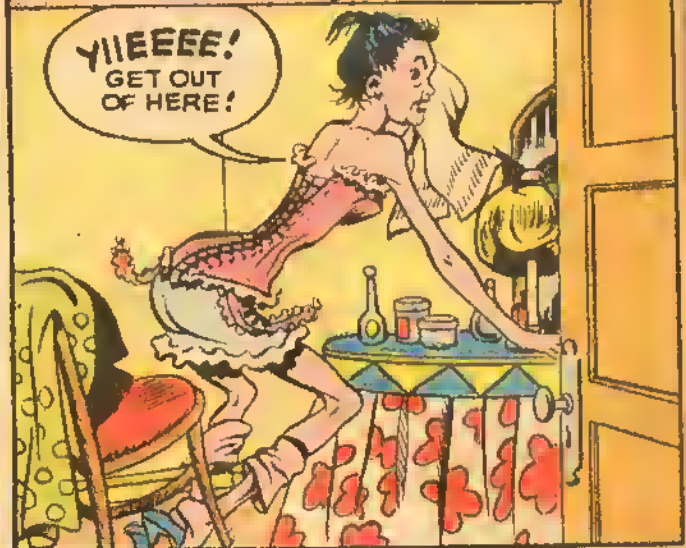




Remember how you told on Wanda Round, the gay young juvenile ---



"---when you proved that she is actually forty-eight years old?"



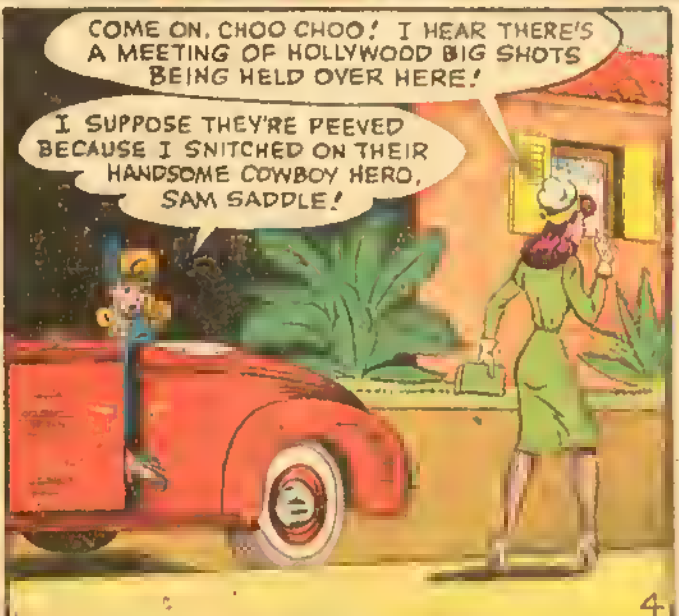
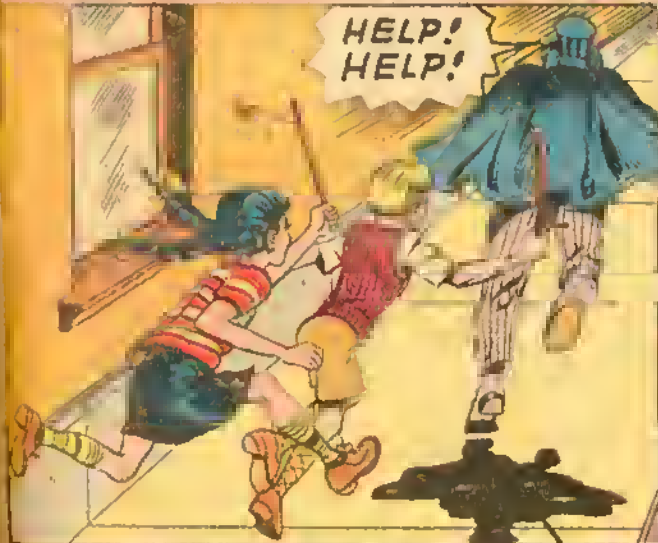
But they didn't know that he spent most of his time soaking up sodas...

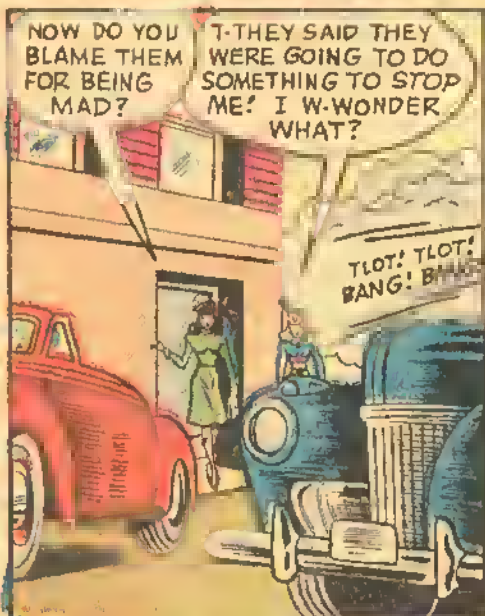
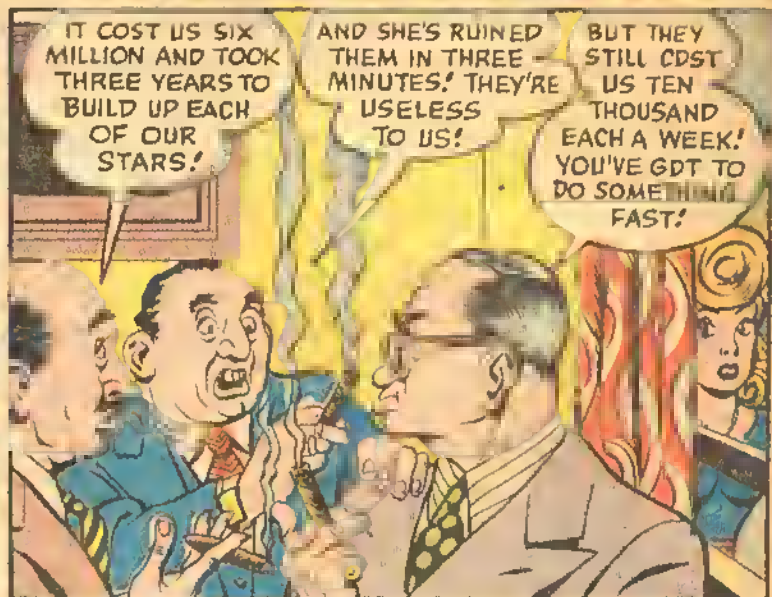
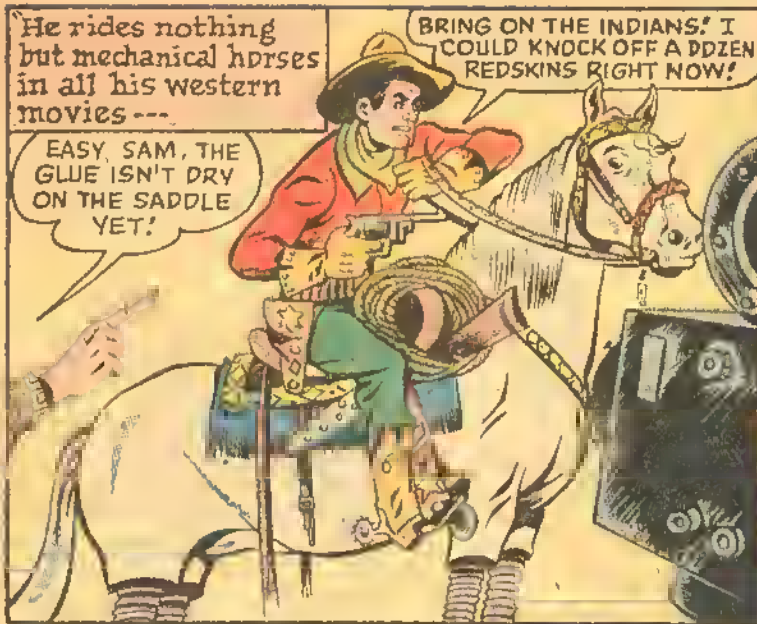


...and wasn't so fond of creepy things---

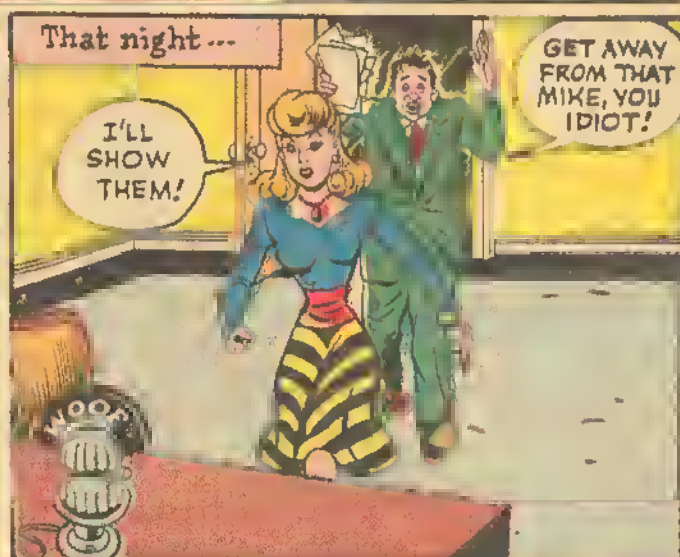
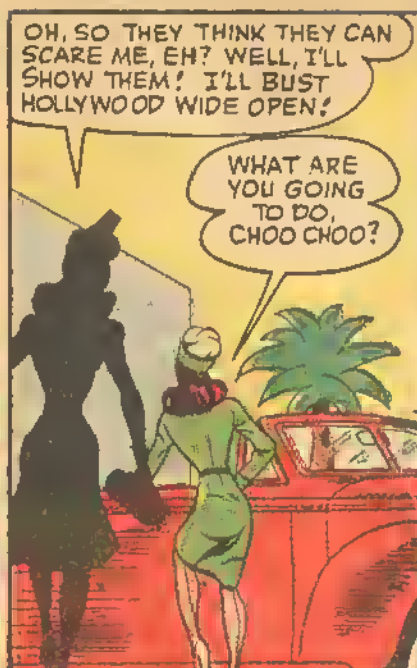


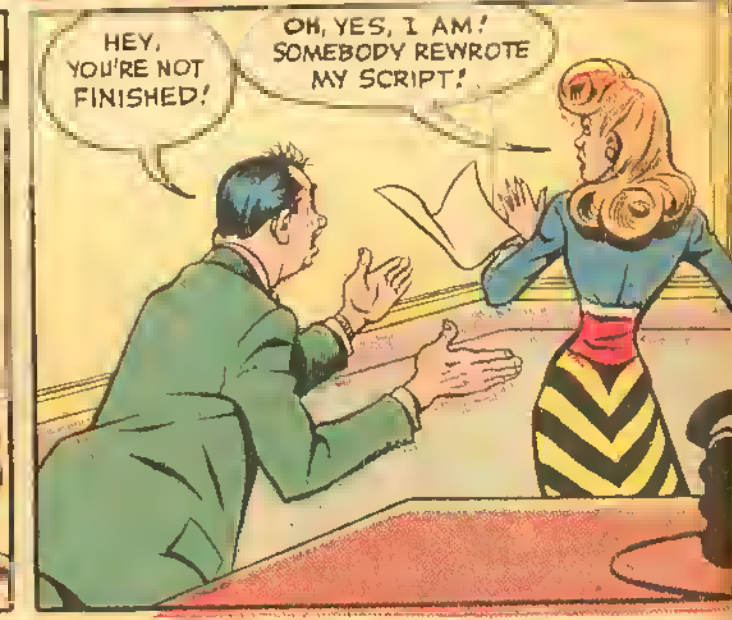
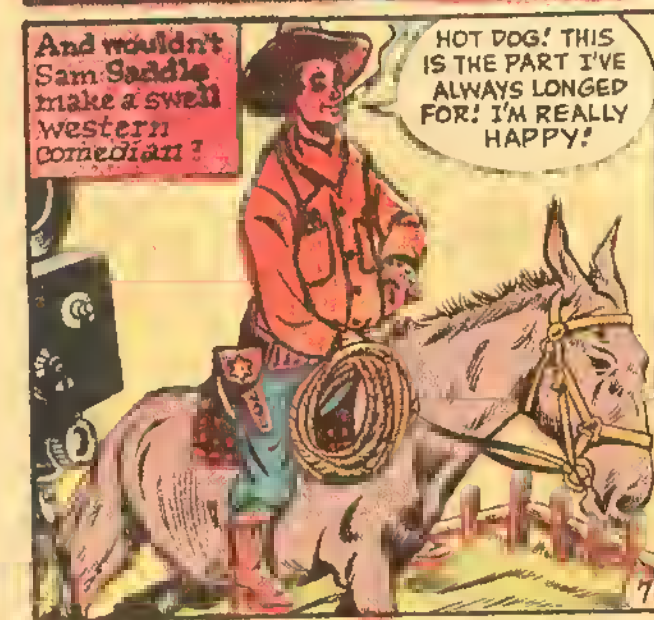
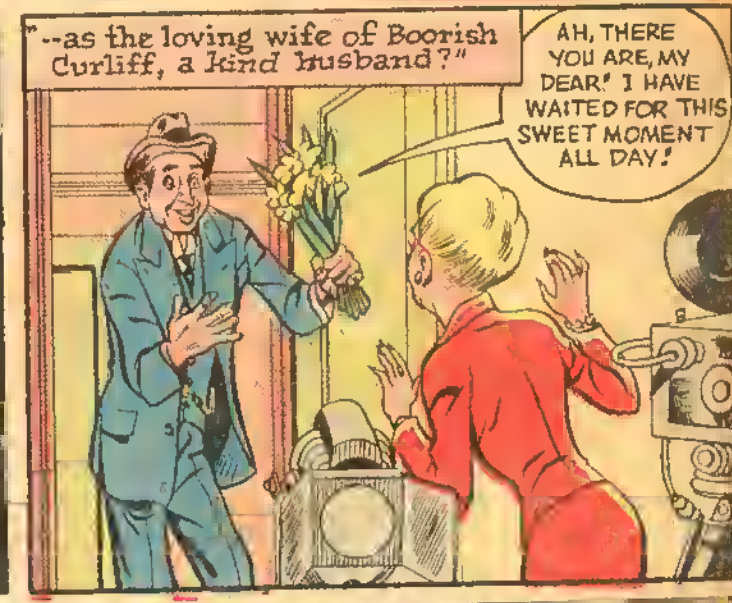
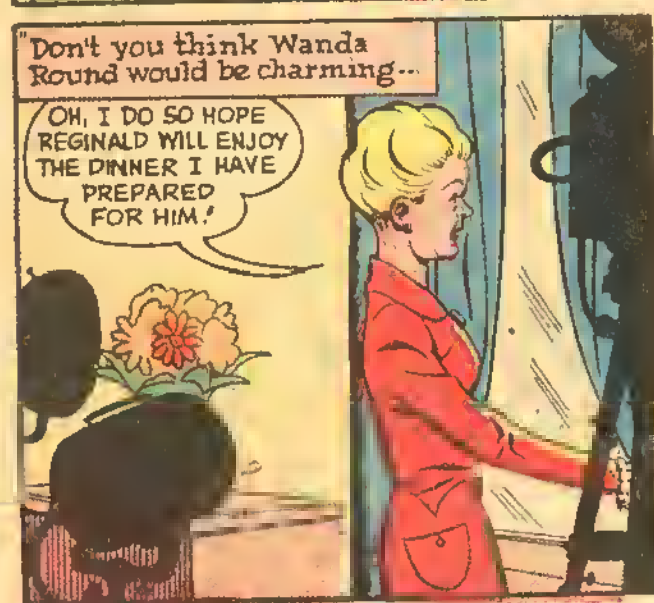
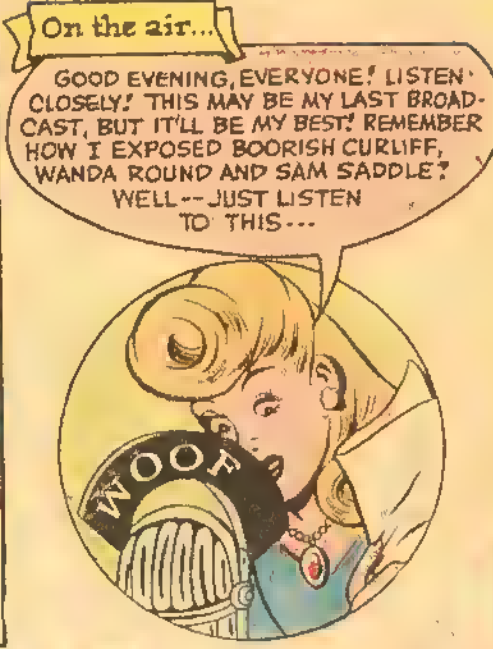
In fact, he was downright afraid of them!

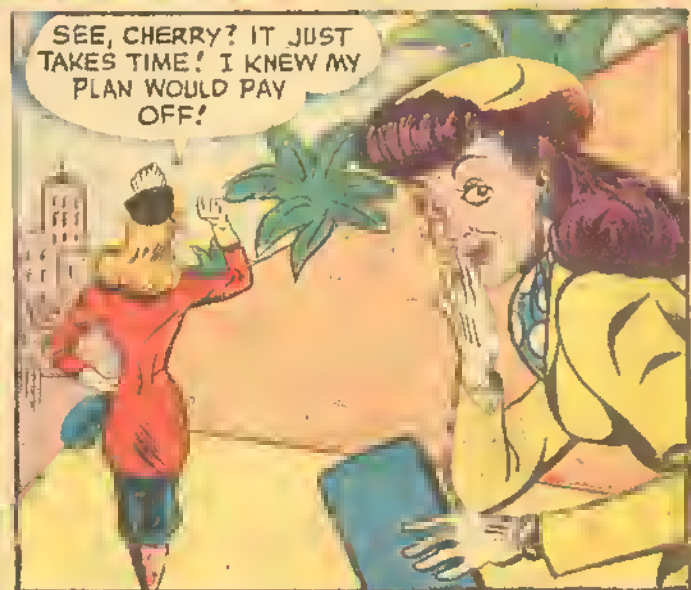
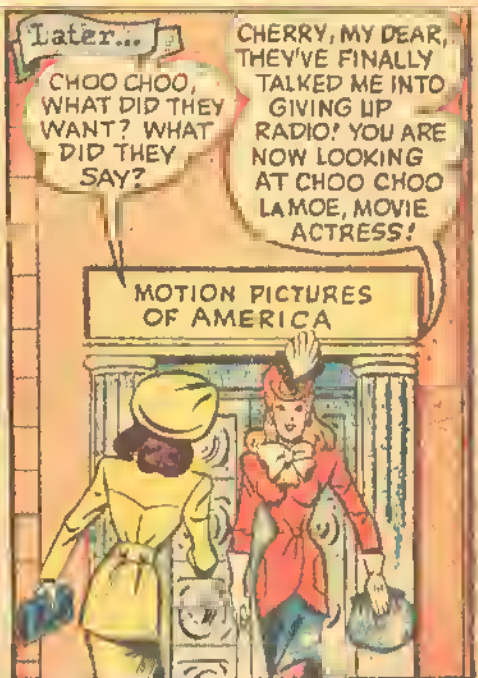
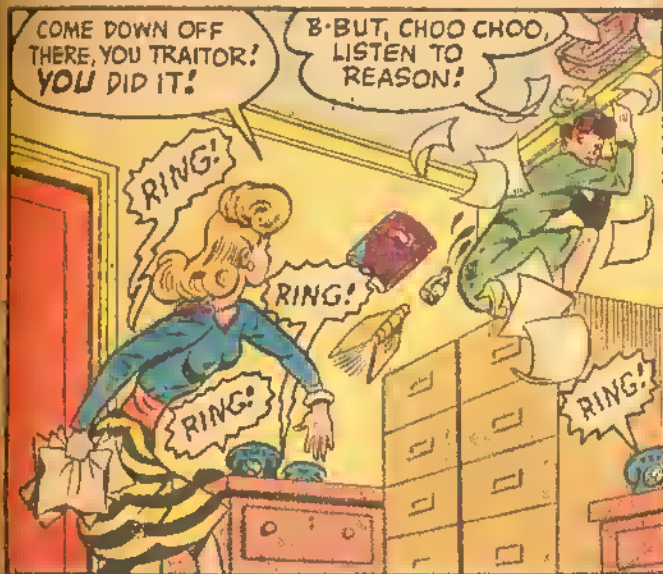




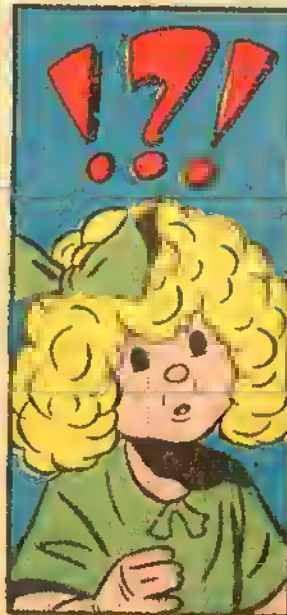
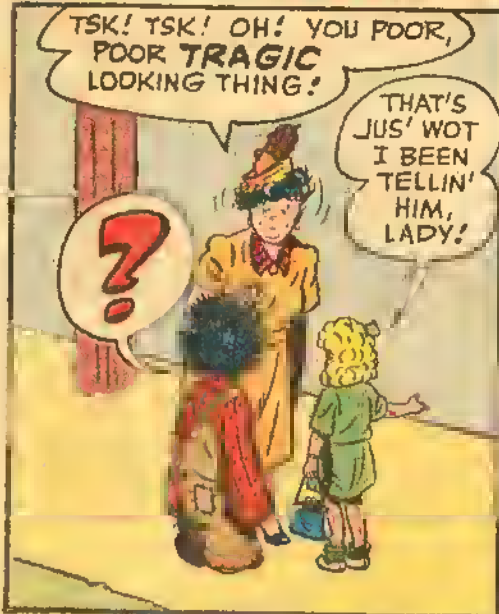
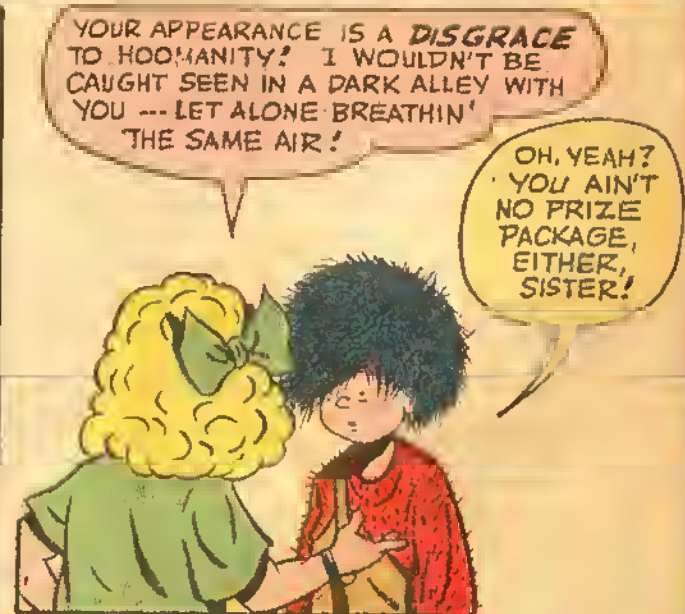
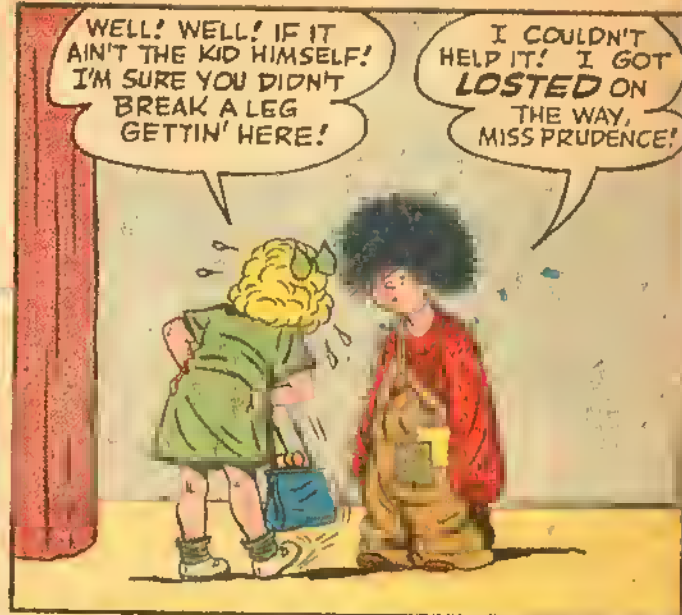
MODERN COMICS



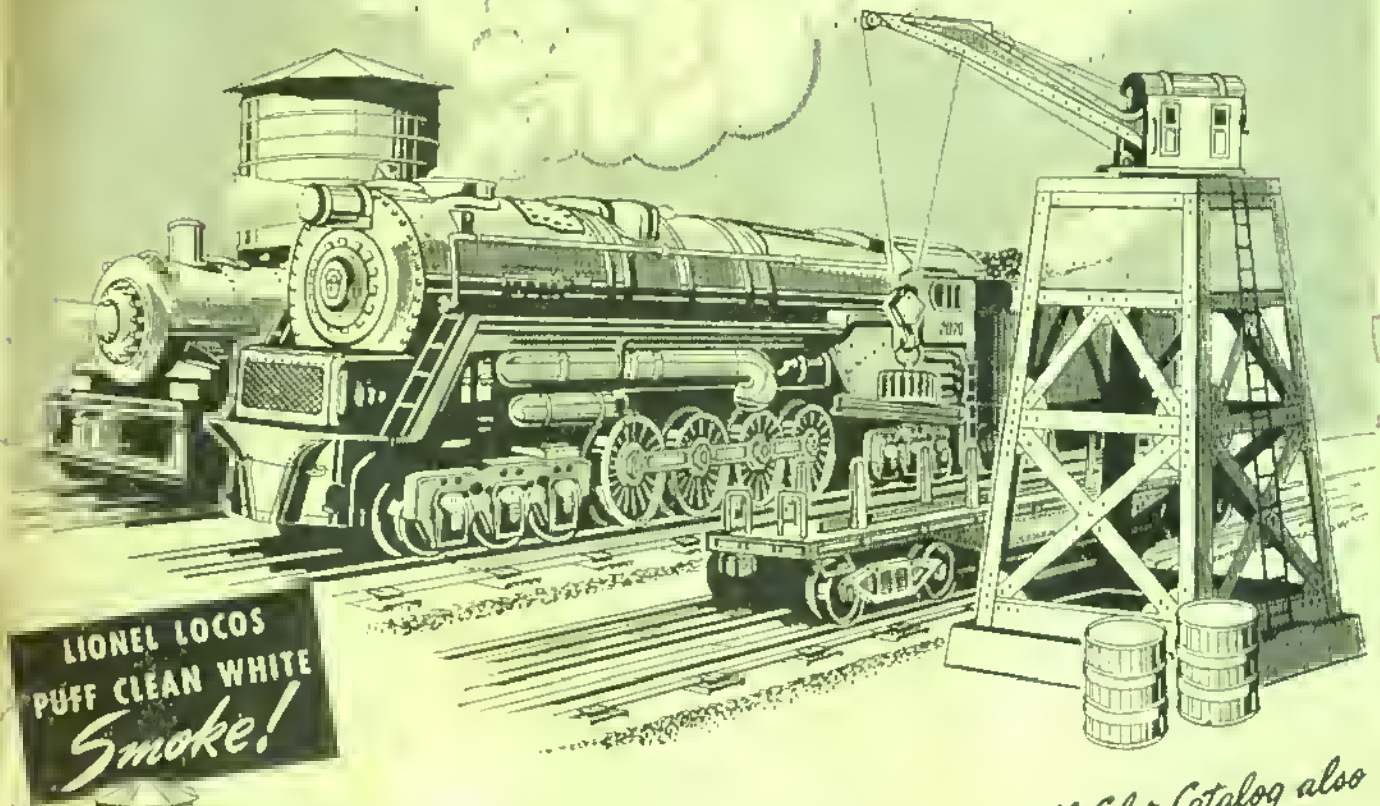




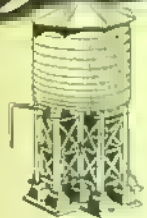
PRUDENCE



If you want a **LIONEL** Train for Christmas, here's what to do!



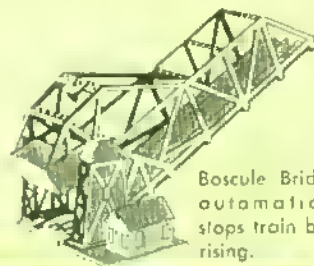
**LIONEL LOCOS
PUFF CLEAN WHITE
Smoke!**



Brand new operating Water Tower — water lowers and rises in the tank. Remote control operation.



Automatic Galeman — rushes out and swings lantern when train approaches.



Bascule Bridge — automatically stops train before rising.

WE'LL SEND YOU OUR SECRET "POP PERSUADER"

It's sure fire! — guaranteed to let "Pop" know you want a LIONEL Train for Christmas. You'll love it. "Pop" will get a kick out of it. And Say! — the new LIONEL trains and accessories are out of this world. Send the coupon today — you'll see!

*full Color Catalog also
Scenery Building Book*



**Mail
Coupon
Today**

LIONEL TRAINS

Locos puff SMOKE and WHISTLE like real trains.

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. "A3"
15 East 26 St., New York (10), N. Y.

Please send the full color catalog and Scenery Construction Book — also secret "Pop Persuader". (I enclose 10c for mailing.)

Name

Address

City Zone State

(Please don't forget 10c for mailing charges)

HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too --in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If you (like Mac), are fed up with being "pushed around"—if you're sick and tired of being the kind of a hooly that people PITY instead of ADMIRE—then give me just 15 minutes a day! That's all I need to **PHIVE** I can make you a **NEW MAN**!

I know what I'm talking about. I was once a thin, frail, 97-pound "bag of bones" myself. Then I discovered my now-famous secret, "Dynamic Tension." It turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And I have used this secret to rebuild thousands of other sick, weak, hilly-attir wrackling into perfect, red-blooded specimens of real **HE-MANHOOD**. Let me prove that I can do the same for YOU!

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to pull on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. This easy, **NATURAL** method will

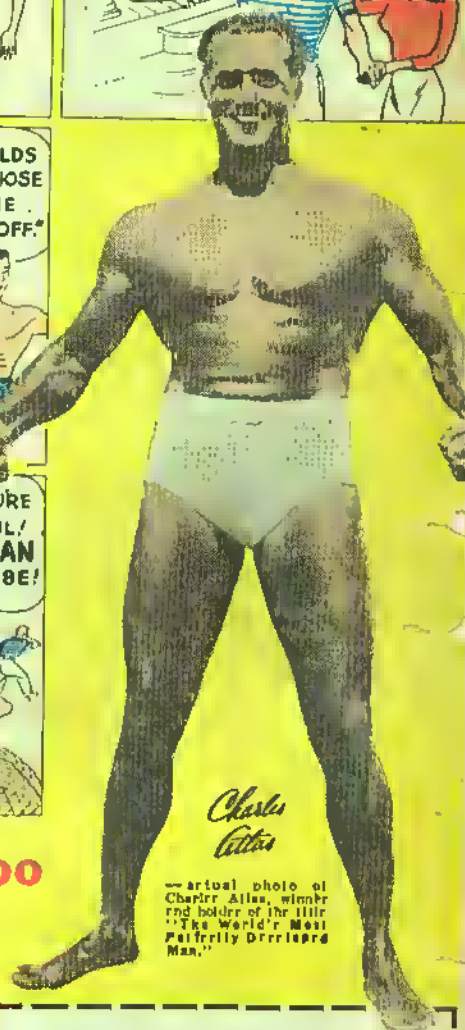
make you a finer specimen of **REAL MANHOOD** than you ever dreamed you could be!

I don't care how old or young you are, or how weakened of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, in each arm—in double-quick time!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellow hilly-attir and weak, frail, thin boys and girls are now looking at their bodies and saying, "I wish I had the strength and health of the man in the picture." In my book, "Energizing Health and Strength,"

Sent **NOW** for this book—**FREE**. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension." Shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny wrackling into **ALLER PHANTOMS**. It tells how I can do the same for YOU! Don't put it off! Address me personally, Charles Atlas, Dept. 330 M, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of Charles Atlas, winner and holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330 M, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Energizing Health and Strength."

Name..... (Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

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